

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1839

AUGUST 3, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A READERSHIP in German is vacant owing to the Appointment of Dr. R. A. Williams to the Professorship of German in the University of Dublin.

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Chorus-Master . Mr. H. A. FRICKER, F.R.C.O.
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Wednesday Morning.—"Israel in Egypt" Selection (*Handel*); Choral Symphony (*Beethoven*). Evening.—"Sinfonia Sacra" (*Parry*); New Pastorals (*A. Herbert Brewer*); Symphony No. 2 (*Brahms*).

Thursday Morning.—Symphonic Cantata, Stabat Mater—first performance (*Stanford*); Scenes from "Olav Trygvason" (*Greig*), conducted by the Composer. Evening.—Overture, "Die Meistersinger" (*Wagner*); Folk Songs, New (*Rutland Boughton*); Ode, New, "Intimations of Immortality" (*Arthur Somervell*); Song for Chorus and Orchestra (*R. Vaughan Williams*); Walkürenritt and Finale of Siegfried (*Wagner*).

Friday Morning.—Oratorio, "The Kingdom" (*Elgar*), conducted by the Composer; Symphony in C (*Schubert*). Evening.—Requiem (*Mozart*); Poem for Chorus and Orchestra, "Sea Wanderers" (*Granville Bantock*); Symphony, No. 8 (*Glazounov*).

Saturday Morning.—Mass in B minor (*Bach*). Evening.—Overture, "Hebrides" (*Mendelssohn*); Eight-part Motet, "The Spirit also helpeth us" (*Bach*); Dramatic Song, "Vätergruft" (*Cornelius*); Songs (*Grieg*); Concerto for Pianoforte (*Grieg*); Overture, "Leonora," No. 3 (*Beethoven*); Five Songs of the Sea (*Stanford*); Ode, "Blest Pair of Sirens" (*Parry*).

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FRED. R. SPARK, Hon. Sec.
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LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

L PLANS for FIRST SEATS will be OPEN at the Festival Office, from 10 to 5, on and after WEDNESDAY next, August 7.

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A Novel by Harry Bentley

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

THE LITERARY WEEK

WE congratulate the Mayor and Corporation of Blackburn on their independent and public-spirited action in refusing to countenance pandemonium in their town, on the invitation of "General" Booth. The nuisance caused by his noisy and troublesome sect has continued far too long in this country. It has long been confined within more decent limits in other European countries, where the extremest forms of Liberalism are at any rate not used as a cloak for the ascendancy of the more violent forms of Nonconformity. The licence given to the Salvation Army is the more grossly unfair, because it is not extended even to the other Protestant sects. That it should be extended beyond them, no one knowing the measure of their "Toleration" would dream of expecting. We do not accuse the Salvation Army of carrying on a political propaganda under the pretence of religion, but of causing a nuisance in the streets. The most violent political sects, the Congregationalists and Baptists, do not create these disturbances in public. What is "sauce" for them might at least be "sauce" for the Salvation Army. The action of the Mayor and Corporation will also remind the political Nonconformists that the divine rights of citizenship which they preach can be used for other purposes than the furtherance of their particular interests and sympathies.

We regret, if the strictures which we make from time to time on political Nonconformity, and on Protestantism in its puritanic forms, vex individuals who see much that is good in these ideas. We do so ourselves, and we attack only those exponents of them who appear to us tyrannical, illiberal, illusive, inaccurate, meddlesome and obscurantist. Many Protestants within the Established Church, and many Nonconformists, object to these persons as much as we do, and with more cause, because they bring ideas which they hold sacred into hatred and contempt. In corroboration of our statement we quote passages from a letter signed "Nonconformist," which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, dated July 27. We do so because we believe that it represents the views of a very large number of individual Nonconformists, who have a sincere belief in the value of religion, and also desire to deal justly and liberally, both in religion and politics, with those who differ from them.

As a Nonconformist born and bred . . . I can only assure [you] that the Radical-Socialist bigotry of a large majority of Free Church ministers is well-nigh intolerable. May I say that last Sunday, at Whitefield's Tabernacle, Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., was holding

forth on Democracy? Now the church in which he spoke is situated in St. Pancras, where the great railway companies are heavily assessed for rating. It is common knowledge that a contest . . . is threatened between the railway companies and their employes. Of the merits of that dispute I will say nothing, but ask, Where is the fairness of allowing a building paying not one penny of rates, on the ground of religion, being used as a place from which threats may be hurled against those who are the biggest ratepayers in St. Pancras?

Or . . . your readers . . . could see over the front of Bloomsbury Baptist Church the legend, "The Kingdom of God and the House of Lords" announced as a subject of Divine worship for to-morrow. [July 28.]

Because I know that many readers of the *Daily Telegraph* are Nonconformists, who, like myself, hate and detest the political bigotry of the Free Church Council, I hope you will print this letter.

As regards Congregationalists, we have before asked in these pages whether the very term Congregationalism does not imply the right of the particular congregation to have whatever religious or political doctrines preached to it that it pleases. Further, if the Bloomsbury Baptist Church likes to hear the Kingdom of God compared with the House of Lords, we heartily hope that it will hear it, in all liberty. As far as we are concerned, it may also continue to enjoy its public endowment of exemption from rates. The opinion of the ratepayers and of other (religious) Nonconformists on this point is another matter, with which we are not now concerned. But their own liberty is not the aim of the militant members of these two bodies, the Congregationalists and the Baptists. Together with like-minded members of the purely Calvinistic sects, liberty is nothing to them unless they can enjoy it exclusively and use it as a weapon of tyranny. The will to dominate we highly respect, ability to do so we respect still more. But when domination is called liberty and equality, we protest at the misapplication of terms. When domination is sought by bigoted and unreasonable persons of narrow intellect and illiberal education, we oppose it as destructive of civilisation.

It is really rather refreshing. "Scare heads" are presumably inevitable; in the pleasing language of their inventors they seem to have "come to stay." Well; if we must have them it is much better to be confronted with:

MYSTERY OF A RELIC

FINDER BELIEVES IT TO
BE THE HOLY
GRAIL
TWO "VISIONS"
DISCOVERED AT
GLASTONBURY

than with an array of trumpet-toned capitals which tell us that the King is going to meet the Kaiser at Marienbad. And the story told is quite a curious one. A saucer-shaped vessel, made of bluish-green glass into which silver leaf had been introduced, was found a little while ago in a well at Glastonbury. The newspaper accounts leave its genuineness an open question; but we are informed that a British Museum expert who has seen the vessel pronounces in favour of its antiquity, and considers it to be of Phœnician workmanship. So goes the history of the matter; there is also a legend.

The legend is more difficult. It is an affair of spiritual voices, of visions declaring the vessel to be the cup used by our Lord at the Last Supper that He made, of seeresses who describe the object without seeing it, of dreams in which a woman appears holding the vessel in her hands, of a strange radiance which is diffused from this (possibly) Holy Relic. With such matters we cannot deal in the ACADEMY, at all events for the present. We do not belong to the party which says that visions do not happen, and that there are no such things as significant dreams. We do not symbolise with these persons,

firstly, because their assertions are unphilosophical, and secondly, because they are untrue. But the statement that A has seen a vision of B is exactly in the same category as the statement that A has murdered B: it must be examined closely and dealt with according to the weight of evidence.

But there are some curious points in the tale, apart from its super-normal ingredients. In the first place the newspaper reporters speak of the vessel as a cup. It is not a cup; it is a saucer; and therefore it is idle to speak of it as the chalice of the Last Supper. In the second place, the discoverers, who say it is the Holy Grail, once the great relic of Glastonbury Abbey, are apparently ignorant of the fact that Glastonbury never claimed the possession of any such object. William of Malmesbury, who wrote the Glastonbury Legend in the first half of the twelfth century, says that the body of Joseph of Arimathea was buried somewhere in the abbey precinct, and that with his body there was a *phia'* of the Precious Blood; the idea may have been suggested to Gul. Marisburiensis by the fact that a phial said to contain the Precious Blood had just been brought to Bruges. But so far as we are aware the monks of Glastonbury who "discovered" the body of King Arthur in the reign of Henry II. never "discovered" the body of St. Joseph or the phial.

Then, again, there is the consideration that, with one exception, the Romances insist on the final withdrawal of the Grail, either into a vague region of mystery, or as in the great Galahad Quest, first to Sarraas and finally to heaven. The one exception is Wolfram's "Parzival," where the Grail is left at Montsalvatch guarded by the "Templesiens"; but Wolfram's continuators, pressed probably by the universal tradition, bore away the Grail at last to the realm of Prester John. Of course there is the question of what the word "grail" really means. Paulin Paris thought it came from "Grail Book" (Mass Book); as a matter of fact the Gradual was called the Grail in the middle ages, and according to Ducange a Grail Service meant a morning service or mass. But more modern scholarship derives the word from a conjectured form, *cratella*, a diminutive of *crater*, and the word seems to have implied to the twelfth-century mind a sort of shallow dessert-dish, standing on a stem or foot. Now there is neither foot nor stem to the vessel just "discovered" at Glastonbury; and yet it is odd enough that a sculptured stone at Nigg in Scotland depicts two Celtic priests bowing in adoration before something which resembles a saucer on a stem, over which hovers a dove bearing a Host in its beak. In this connection it must be remembered that the grail was a vague object to the romance-writers; in the "High History," for example, the object assumes five different forms, the last of which is a chalice.

We regret that we were not able to notice the recent discoveries at Gizeh and Rifeh, made by Professor Flinders Petrie and the students of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt, while they were exhibited at University College, Gower Street. We understand, however, that they will be distributed among public Museums, and will therefore be shortly visible again. We express a hope that they may not be widely distributed. The Soul-Houses for instance: the number of them is probably too large for any one Museum to desire or be able to accept them all; but we hope that the majority will be kept together, so that each stage of their development may be represented by several different examples in one Museum. Any division of the burials of the two brothers, Nekht-anh and Khnumu-nekht cannot, we trust, be contemplated for a moment. Every object belonging to both must be kept together most scrupulously, however favoured the Museum which receives them may appear to be.

The present collection is of extraordinary artistic and poetic interest. The two sets of Canopic jars, four, of course, in each, which stood together on table six, are unusually fine and severe in line. A stone block, apparently part of a tomb or chapel-decoration of the Twenty-sixth Dynasty, bears a portrait head of Thary, with an incised outline, showing the shape of the skull with wonderful delicacy and truth. The head is filled in with deep red and brown. There is a striking seated figure in black granite, of the Twelfth Dynasty, on which is written in ink, "Khnumu brother of Hent-hotep." It is not quite in proportion, but it is vigorous and careful in detail. There is also the greater part of a white coffin of the same dynasty, that of Khnumu-hotep. The white, which is visible in large masses, has mellowed to an exquisite tint, and the decoration confined to certain parts is very elaborate and beautiful.

The peculiar feature of the collection is the Soul-Houses, dating from the Ninth to the Twelfth Dynasties. These have been described by many of our contemporaries. They are the representatives of the mat with a dish of flour upon it, placed upon graves, in the earliest times, as offerings to the wandering souls. These continued until the Fifth Dynasty. In the pyramid times they were followed by representations in carved stone of the same objects. Then came pottery models, first mere trays containing food, and gradually developed through the roughest form of tent to two-storied furnished houses. The one characteristic which is always present is food. These pottery representations are the Soul-Houses of this collection. The element of plastic beauty is totally lacking, the modelling is of the roughest sort. They interest us only on account of the ideas which they represent. In them the poor little prisoned souls found solace by night. They are also of great archaeological value, in that they show the form of many classes of domestic buildings, of which the latest date some three thousand years before the Christian era. In addition to the great beauty of these Soul-Houses no imaginative person can fail to be struck with their pathos and solemnity, and among the crowd in the small and stuffy rooms of University College we noticed several who were visibly impressed.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has for many years past printed a poem every day. These poems are unsigned, but the inference that would naturally be made that they emanate from the editorial staff does not hold good, and they are, as a matter of fact, gathered directly from outside contributors. The level of excellence which they keep is commendably high, and they compare very favourably in this respect with the "poems" printed in the *Westminster Gazette*, which often touch the low-water mark of bad verse. But the *Pall Mall* sometimes nods, and on July 30 it printed a sonnet called "The Proconsul's Reward," which makes painful reading. Here it is:

THE PROCONSUL'S REWARD

Mother of Nations, ours the Imperial shame,
That when the "noblest Roman" of us all
Heard through his conscience Duty's clarion call,
And 'mid dusk regions, fired by patriot flame,
Recked not of Placeman's scorn and sordid blame,
A lonely sentinel on Empire's wall,
One whom no lame Thersites could appal,
Shame on the serfs who brimmed his cup with gall!
Let the curs howl who dread the Lion's roar,
The charlatan belch his tavern-tainted jest,
Our Motherland enshrines thee evermore
In the Valhalla where her Heroes rest!
Thy Fame is narrowed by no island shore,
Liegeman of God, thine Honour's stainless crest.

The writer of the sonnet has got very considerably mixed. He says, "Ours the Imperial shame that when the 'noblest Roman' of us all heard," etc. etc.—but he does not finish his sentence, so we never find out what the Imperial shame is. "That . . . what?" we ask.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BAUDELAIRE

"SOIS SAGE O MA DOULEUR"

PEACE, be at peace O thou my Heaviness,
 Thou calledst for the evening, lo! 'tis here,
 The City wears a sombre atmosphere
 That brings repose to some, to some distress.
 Now while the heedless throng makes haste to press
 Where Pleasure drives them, ruthless charioteer,
 To pluck the fruits of sick remorse and fear,
 Come thou with me and leave their fretfulness.

See how they hang from heaven's high balconies,
 The old lost years in faded garments dressed,
 And see Regret with faintly smiling mouth;
 And while the dying sun sinks in the west,
 Hear how, far off, Night walks with velvet tread,
 And her long robe trails all about the south.

A. D.

ROSALYS

FATHOMED in earth, deep underground, there is
 A sweet, fresh child, whose name was Rosalys,

With face turned downwards, that her finger-tips
 May feel her mother's hair and touch her lips.

And fathomed further in the fruitful ground
 There lie my ancestors in rich earth drowned.

There run between their limbs unconscious roots
 Which pasture on their blood, and send out shoots

Of arbutus and jessamine all dim
 With folded buds, like sleeping cherubim.

To-morrow or the next day I shall kiss
 The face of her whose name was Rosalys;

For her clear eyes, and golden skin, and mouth
 Will blossom into flower when from the South

The warm, moist wind sifts trembling through the trees,
 At first a timid breath, then a full breeze.

And gathered round the flowers I shall see
 The brave rich foliage of my ancestry.

When my time comes to sleep among my sires
 Perchance from out my heart the ruddy fires

Of regal poppies will inflame the day,
 And richly burn the Autumn nights away.

And butterflies will bring an hourly kiss
 From my dear child, whose name was Rosalys.

GERALD CUMBERLAND.

LITERATURE

FREE TRADE AND HISTORY

The Strength of Nations. By J. W. WELSFORD. (Longmans, 5s. net.)

It is to be feared that the modern politician seldom realises the importance of the appeal to history. The day seems to have gone by when the experience of the past was of any value to the present in matters of high importance. That is the result of the spread of education—of a sort—and of the growing power of irresponsible ignorance. To many free traders history goes no further back than Cobden and his "international common law of the Almighty." The experience of the ages is beside the point.

Thus we sadly fear that Mr. Welsford appeals to ears as deaf as those of any adder, if he hopes to make converts to Protection by this clever little book, and he shows wisdom in dedicating it "to those Englishmen who have sufficient faith in the wisdom of their ancestors to differ from Cobden" and who refuse to bow the knee to the principle of free trade.

But if the *altera pars* does come within the purview of the Cobdenite, he will find food for reflection in this book, without imposing any tax on his intellect. For the argument is plain, and the analogies are good—the historical lesson all that the most ardent protectionist can desire. As Mr. Welford says:

The free-trader believes that national economic efficiency is not increased when all the steps in manufacture from the growth of the raw material to the completion of the finished article are in national hands; the protectionist maintains that national control of all the processes is of vital importance, and that the economic reason which made men group themselves into nations, was to increase national efficiency by bringing into action the principle of the union of co-ordinated labour. If the verdict of history is accepted, there is little doubt that the protectionist is right.

Again:

The only sure foundation for national industry is national raw material, and the only sure foundation for national commerce is national production.

Mr. Welford's main thesis seems to be that while production makes for progress, imports make for destruction, as destroying metropolitan industry. The history of the Roman empire is that of a power which brought prosperity, by stimulating production, to all the races it conquered, and to itself ruin, by allowing its own productive activity to die. The Roman people consisted of the ruling classes, whose enormous wealth was at the command of their extravagant demand for foreign productions, and the pauperised poor, for whom there was no work, but plenty of imported food to be had for the asking.

The fate of the great trading centre, Constantinople, is scarcely less forcibly applied. Her fatal concessions to Venice were the direct cause of her defeat in Dalmatia by the Normans, for she killed her own productive power by those concessions. The jealousy of Venice, now in the ascendant, caused the attack of the Crusaders upon Constantinople and its reduction to a condition in which it could offer no resistance to the Turk. Chapter iv. is a clear exposition of this sequence of events, whose *fons et origo* was the non-productivity of Constantinople.

There is more difficulty in the task of showing that universal free trade would not necessarily benefit productive activity. At first sight it would seem that, were either principle universal, the result would be the same. But such an application would demand a harmony among nations which would amount to denationalisation, or to a "brotherhood of nations"—a state of affairs which is not yet, nor is likely to be. Nor has it ever succeeded in the past. European brotherhoods of nations have been productive only of strife and disaster.

Mr. Welford's account of Quesnai's free-trade theories and account of their influence on Adam Smith is a clever

piece of work: very unkind is the close collocation of the economical table and the pamphlet on squaring the circle. But the implied analogy is not unjust.

A sense of humour is a powerful weapon sometimes. Speaking of Pitt's commercial treaty of 1786 with France, the author quotes from Young's travels:

At the fair of Guibray a French cheap-jack selling English goods was a warm supporter of the treaty. He held advanced economic views, and explained that foreign competition always stimulated home manufactures. It is the view a certain class of middlemen always expresses.

Not kind, but true!

Here is another delightful passage from the same book followed by Mr. Welsford's equally delightful comment.

Then they (the free traders) persuaded the Assembly, in 1789 to adopt the single tax on land so that Arthur Young could write: "The present system of France relative to agriculture is curious; to encourage investments in land, tax it three hundred millions; to enable the land to pay it, prohibit the export of corn; that the cultivation may be rich and spirited, encourage small farms; that cattle may be plentiful, forbid the enclosure of commons; and, that the supply may be equal in summer as (*sic*) in winter, hang all monopolisers. Such may be called the agricultural code of the new government of France." After these achievements a large number of Girondist free traders ascended the steps which led to the guillotine and the unemployed of Paris reigned in their stead.

Of course there is the tendency, which we expected, to find in protection a panacea for all evil. Sometimes it is irritating in its insistence. But the book is avowedly a special pleading, and good pleading at that.

There is one thing we should like to know. The author gives us Canning's epigram in the following form:

Dear Bagot, in commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much,
So since on this policy Mynheer seems bent
We'll clap on his vessels just 20 per cent.

The version to which we have clung is this:

In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much,
The French are with equal advantage content—
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms just 20 per cent.

Which is right? And how on earth can this threat of 20 per cent., which was written on January 31, 1826, have frightened the Dutch into the treaty of 1824?

There is one most annoying feature in the book. The authorities, to whom reference is made in the notes, are indicated by letters only, and further reference must be made to an index of authorities at the end of the book in order to discover what is meant by (for instance) "s, 1827, (286)-(288); 1828, (214)-(216)," or "ll, ii, 422." It is a stupid and unnecessary complication.

STAMPS AND STICKINESS

Me and Myn. By S. R. CROCKETT. (Unwin, 6s.)

MR. S. R. CROCKETT is really an amazing creature. That he could have actually sat down day after day and built up a story of a hundred thousand words odd out of the subject of stamp-collecting is a noteworthy achievement. It shows abounding vitality, unflagging perseverance and splendid self-confidence. All these qualities we readily concede to Mr. Crockett. But nature as we know does not readily part with all her good gifts to one man. Having endowed Mr. Crockett so plentifully with mental and we should imagine also with physical exuberance, she denied him the mind and the soul of the artist. He may go on pouring forth words in endless profusion for the rest of his life but neither nature nor art will ever make of him anything but a third-rate novelist. He suffers from acute vertosity. He has a rush of words to the brain and he allows these to gush forth and then stands almost breathless at what he takes to be his inspiration.

Mr. Crockett leapt into fame as one of the leading

exponents of what was called the "Kail-yard" school of fiction. But for the extravagant eulogies and senseless praise that have been heaped upon him by incompetent or dishonest critics, he would very probably have continued in the career for which he was essentially fitted and become by this time a kindly and popular Dissenting minister. It is easy to imagine him entertaining his eminently respectable congregations at meat teas with mildly humorous anecdotes. But unfortunately for the cause of Nonconformity, and for himself, Mr. Crockett has been persuaded into the belief that he is a great writer. He certainly has one characteristic in common with great writers. He is intensely interested in his own work, and to be interested oneself is, as we know, the first step to interesting others. But although we can distinctly hear Mr. Crockett laughing uproariously at his own jokes, although we can see him furtively wiping a tear at his own sentimentality, and slyly licking his lips at his own veiled amorousness, his antics leave us cold and unmoved. There are of course people in the world who like Crockett. Granted. We do not intend to suggest that his popularity is necessarily the measure of his incompetence. There are worse offenders whose books sell by the hundred thousand.

"Me and Myn" (mark the subtlety of the title!) is a story of a boy and girl who attend a rate-aided school in the North of England. They collect stamps together and sell them to their schoolfellows, and finally establish a stamp-shop just outside the school-gates. "Me" is a pupil-teacher and asserts his authority by punching the heads of any of the scholars who refuse to buy stamps. He it is who tells the tale, and this is a sample of his humour:

For you see stamps are not like anything else—except (but this I found out ever so long after) making love to a girl you are awfully fond of. Stamps make your heart go *her-flump* just the same way.

The hero is as devoted to stamps as girls are to him. Every girl he meets falls in love with him, though he constantly states that he prefers "black Victorias" to girls. His philosophy of life is summed up by himself as follows:

If this were only put at the foot of Decalogue in gold letters and preached about in Churches it would do no end of good. Something like this:

WHEN IN DOUBT—COLLECT STAMPS.
WHEN IN TEMPTATION—GET OUT YOUR STAMP-BOOK AND FORGET EVERYTHING ELSE!
WHEN BAD-TEMPERED AND WANTING TO KICK SOMEBODY—KICK YOUR STAMP-BOOK!

"Kick your stamp-book!" Is it not amazingly, screamingly funny? The book abounds in gems of this description, and it is hardly fair to Mr. Crockett to single out special examples of his humour. It would be equally unfair to omit quotation of a sentimental passage on which the author evidently prides himself. It is the great climactic point of the story and exhibits Mr. Crockett at his best:

After a while she said, her light breathing tickling the short hairs of my neck a little aft my ear, "Sam do you *really* want to get married?"

Of course I said "Yes"! For "circumstances alter cases," as the Prime Minister always says when asked to explain the speeches he made as Leader of the Opposition.

"Well!" she murmured very softly, regularly making me "squinque" by going on breathing in the same place—there or thereabouts. (Boys, don't you ever let girls do that—they always mean coaxing to let them have their own way!)

"Well what?" I said.

"Well!" whispered Jenny still tickling softly enough to curl a fellow up, "if you do want to get married, why don't you ask—some girl, eh, Sam?"

I thought she couldn't have been fetched any closer but she was. I fetched her, I am awful strong at times.

If this is not "sticky" enough to suit all tastes the diligent reader will doubtless find "stickier" passages in the book. There is one point, however, in which "Me and Myn" marks a distinct advance upon Mr. Crockett's previous works. It is not written in dialect.

THE BOOK OF THE SUFFRAGETTE

The Case for Woman's Suffrage. Edited by BROUGHAM VILLIERS.
(Unwin, 2s. 6d.)

A VERY large Bar, sixteen Counsel in all, has been retained to present this case for Women's Suffrage. Twelve of them are women; the rest are men. We might expect at least variety from this combination; vivacity, wit, humour, vigour of statement and of argument, some display of intellectual energy here or there, somewhere in one or other of the contributions. If the women's suffrage movement is inspiring, the ladies who have felt the inspiration ought surely to have impressed some traces of it in this book. It is simple fact that they have completely failed to do this; and if it were not for Mr. Zangwill's two contributions these essays would have to be accused of mere dullness and monotony. There are three other men; but they are quite as dull and uninteresting as the ladies; unless it be Mr. Robert F. Cholmeley who saves himself from the general fate by insisting on certain unpalatable facts which greatly relieve the monotonous assertion of the commonplaces of the movement. He even ventures to say that Women's Suffrage is not a democratic policy yet; that the working classes have still got to be converted to it. This must be very irritating, because the assumption of all the women writers is that nothing stands in the way of success, but the cowardice or treachery of the Liberal Government: This is the keystone of the new "Suffragette" tactics: opposition to Government candidates at by-elections. Mr. Cholmeley disapproves of this as tactics; but we fancy his tenderness for Liberal candidates will make him suspect with the inventors of the heroic policy. Their case being that woman's suffrage is no longer matter for argument, they are advised still to devote themselves to the making of converts. With naive self-deception they persuade themselves that the promises of four hundred and twenty members of Parliament to vote for a Woman's Suffrage Bill is an infallible sign that the real feeling of the country supports their claims. Yet one of the essayists confesses that the married women of the country are a generation behind the unmarried. This it might be supposed has some bearing on the merely nominal adhesion of members of Parliament to an abstract proposition which they know bristles with almost impossible barriers to realisation in practice. But one of the commonest of political dodges has taken in the women suffragists. Thus they make no serious effort to meet the arguments against their claims or even to present them with any appreciation of their weight, and they assume there are none. One after another of the writers protests that to be without the parliamentary vote is to carry about with them the stigma of slavery and a designed mark of their inferiority to men. At the same time, and quite without seeing its significance, it is observed that women are excluded by custom from holding public positions in any of the churches either established or nonconformist. This one fact alone about sex shows that it is futile to claim, as the suffragists do, the franchise for women as if it were only a question of extending it to a section of still unenfranchised men. Their case is much more complicated; but they do not seem to perceive this. Women take far greater interest in the affairs of the Church than in the affairs of the State. But where are the "Suffragettes" of the Church? If they accept their ecclesiastical position so contentedly it will need a good deal of evidence to show that they are revolting against their political "slavery." The women suffragists insist on taking a horse to the water who does not want to drink. In all the history of politics who ever heard of men protesting against being given the vote? The women suffragists have to convert their sex; and they will hardly do it by telling other women that they are "slaves hugging their chains" or that their intellects are as cramped as the feet of Chinese women. The "Suffragette" movement is an

attempt to rush the woman suffrage question. It has partly succeeded in rushing a number of members of Parliament; but it will not rush the mass of women so easily, nor the mass of men. Probably these enthusiastic ladies are under some misapprehension as to the reasons why men are cool about women suffrage. It is not really that men are for making them slaves. More likely their actual sentiment is that of Martial when asked why he did not marry a rich wife:

Inferior matrona suo sit, Prisce, marito: non aliter fuit femina virque pares.

Yet men, with a fair show of magnanimity, have got the better of this fear of inferiority in their legislation for the benefit of women. Without women having the vote the status of married women in regard to property and contract has been wholly altered. What other cause can be assigned than men's sense of justice towards women? There is no recognition of this in these essays. One might suppose everything had been wrested from men unwilling to treat women fairly as private persons; and that men are equally unwilling now to treat them fairly as citizens. The position maintained is that with the change of industrial conditions, thousands of women being wage-earners as men are, it is necessary that women should be armed with political powers. In the future the industrial interests of men and women are to be more or less in antagonism, and therefore men cannot be trusted to legislate for women. One curious argument is that mothers will not be so ready to sacrifice the interests of their daughters as fathers are. There seems to be an ignorance of common facts of family life in such a statement. The partiality of mothers for their sons and of fathers for their daughters suggests that quite the contrary of what the suffragists anticipate would happen. Whatever may be the value of the suffragist contention that men cannot legislate for women by reason of their ignorance of women's wants, there is none for the contention that men will intentionally do them injustice. The modern history of legislation for women disproves it. There would be no difficulty in showing that in many ways women now enjoy more than equal legal rights. One instance of disparity, however, may be mentioned, which is specially quoted as an example of injustice and as proving the need for women having political power. In England there is one standard of matrimonial conduct for the woman and another for the man. But in Scotland the grounds for divorce are the same for one as the other. Divorce law in America is a fearsome thing, and it varies in different States; but there are certainly States in America where the law is the same for the man as the woman. So that the question of the vote is quite irrelevant in this matter. If there were a strong public opinion about it in England, that is to say if Englishwomen felt strongly about it, we should see exactly what happened in the case of their property and contractual interests: the law would be altered. In this instance, as in others, the suffragist essayists ignore the influence of women on social and political reform. Without the vote many classes of men cannot exert political influence; all women have influence without the vote. This distinguishes the position of women from that of men; and the suffragists exaggerate the value of the vote to women. The demand for the woman vote resolves itself into a matter of sentiment; the bare assertion that women ought to have it becomes a concession to their self-respect. Most men and women do not look on it in that light at all; if most women did the realisation of the suffragist dream would not be far off.

THE SICILIAN PATRIOTS

Sicily and England, Political and Social Reminiscences, 1848-1870. By TINA WHITAKER (née SCALIA). Illustrated.
(Constable, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE authoress of this book can boast maiden and married names which are familiar to all who are interested

in Sicily's brave bid for freedom and in the development of the island; her opportunities for getting into touch with the Sicilian spirit must necessarily have been so wide and varied that it is a little unkind of her—we would even say rather "unsportsmanlike"—to attempt to disarm her critics as she does in her Preface.

My reminiscences [she says therein] are only disconnected memories which, though carefully authenticated, have no literary pretensions, nor do they purport to give a continuous history of those times. They were not originally intended for the critical eye of the public, but merely for my daughters and a few intimate friends. These latter, however, have urged me to publish them, and I trust that, in yielding to their suggestion, I may be forgiven the presumption of writing in a language that is not my own. I have written in English, as these memoirs deal chiefly with the English friends of the Sicilian exiles, and the leading idea of my work, as will be seen, is to point out the many connecting links that have existed for centuries between England and Sicily.

It may also be added that all who read this book will realise that Mrs. Whitaker desires that it shall rank amongst the delicately paid compliments to our country, and by token of the sincerity of her esteem as such it will certainly be accepted with equally sincere thanks. We record our gratitude, and we hope, therefore, we shall not be considered ungracious if as a reviewer we refuse to be disarmed by the modesty of the authoress: her book may have no literary pretensions, but it is a literary achievement of no mean value, and as such would merely be slighted by being accorded quarter.

The extent to which these reminiscences will be appreciated must depend largely on the reader's knowledge of nineteenth-century Italian history. They depend too, of course, on an intimate acquaintanceship with the local history of Sicily, but Mrs. Whitaker has forged this particular connecting link in an excellent Historical Introduction wherein she traces the political evolution of the island from the time of its occupation by the Normans, who conquered the Saracens there almost contemporaneously with the Norman Conquest of England, to the third union of Sicily with Naples in 1734, and onwards through the succeeding century and a quarter of suppression under the *régime* of the Spanish Bourbons which ultimately terminated in the revolutions with which these reminiscences are partly interwoven. But bearing in mind the fact that it was really one vast wave of patriotism that swept Italy from north to south during the first sixty years of the nineteenth century, a feeling for liberty so strong that Republicans and Monarchists fought side by side for the one end that each thought could best be maintained by different forms of government, we understand how such reminiscences must essentially be connected with the generally Italian as well as particularly Sicilian tense political situation. Since the authoress thought it expedient to devote a chapter of her book to Sicilian history, it would have been more consistent to supplement the details given therein with a comprehensive summary of events which led to the inauguration of the "Carbonari" and "Young Italy," and clearly to have indicated the nature of the difficulties which confronted Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel and indeed all the Italian including the Sicilian patriots. As it is we are referred in the Preface to two standard histories of Italy, and provided in the text with a *résumé* of the history of Sicily; would it not have been better either to have quoted by name Professor Freeman's History of Sicily together with the other references, or to have given sufficient historical information in the text of the book to make the reminiscences living for a more general public?

Some of the reminiscences are really soul-stirring memories—take, for instance, the following, which has reference to the morning of January 12, 1848, famous for the first blows which won a temporary freedom for Sicily:

As far as my family were concerned in this rising, Baron Pisani, Giacinto Carini and Minneci met at the Scalia's house at daybreak to be ready for emergencies. On hearing the first shots fired they shouldered their guns and went off with my uncle, Luigi Scalia.

My father was about to follow when his old uncle, Raimondo Scalia, barred the door and tried to keep him in. Whereupon my father drew out a pistol and declared he would blow his brains out on the spot if they would not let him go. "Let him pass and do his duty," cried his heroic mother. The door was opened and he followed his brother.

But, on the other hand, some of these recollections might well have given place and space to that more far-reaching historical introduction which we have suggested; many of them could have been summarised into one general remark concerning the sympathy of the English with the exiled Italian patriots, for names are too often introduced merely as names. Thus there is not much to be gained from being told that Count Giovanni Arrivabeni "also became a great friend of Benjamin Smith, the uncle of Florence Nightingale." We do not learn whether Benjamin Smith had any psychological influence on the Count, we are not even given an anecdote in connection with the acquaintanceship, and such statements, being barren, are superfluous. Again, Mrs. Whitaker's keen desire to tack an appreciation of early Victorian manners and customs or of English characteristics on to each incident has led her into making conflicting statements. Two of her mother's friends are dubbed "such friends as the English alone know how to be," but later on she seems to favour the Italian rather than the English ideal of friendship, for she says, in reference to Italy, "Friendships are frequently hereditary between families in a manner that could not be realised in England," and quotes from an article in the *Morning Post* of 1904: "Friendship in Italy has a significance of devotion unknown in this country." Which does Mrs. Whitaker really think the better worth having, an Italian or an English friend?

Mrs. Whitaker is sore at heart because some of the Sicilian patriots were not rewarded by their country "as they deserved to be" when at last, in 1860, a United Italy was an accomplished fact. She certainly makes out a good case in substantiation of her grievance, but it hardly seems just subtly to cast the blame on Garibaldi as she does in one instance of neglect by remarking that "Garibaldi had his personal friends and followers to put forward." Who can forget (Mrs. Whitaker even remembers it herself) the part played by Garibaldi the Republican in creating a United Italy for a king to govern! At the moment when every lover of freedom is celebrating the centenary of Garibaldi's birth the importance of the single-heartedness of the patriot's purpose should be emphasised—we recall an able word-picture of the great patriot which has recently been limned for us by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan in his wholly delightful and vividly dramatic description of "Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic." Charles Albert, the father of Victor Emmanuel, was on the point of being checkmated by the Austrians when Garibaldi offered to fight for Italy on that monarch's side. Garibaldi, says Mr. Trevelyan, "was then, and remained all his life, a Republican; but then, as later, he was ready to fight for popular government under other forms preferred by the majority of his countrymen, rather than blast the hopes of the nation by creating divisions—a more truly democratic view, perhaps, than intransigent sectarianism." And in support of Mr. Trevelyan's psychological insight we quote Mrs. Whitaker herself; in another reference to Garibaldi she says:

On the 6th of November of that year (1860) in a letter to King Victor Emanuel, he nobly stated that he had taken Sicily and Naples in the king's name, and was now ready to hand over all the southern provinces to him, to be ruled by him as part of the United Kingdom of Italy. For himself he asked nothing. He made only one petition, that his Majesty should take into his service all his (Garibaldi's) brave companions who had fought and struggled with him in the great enterprise.

In view of Garibaldi's personal disinterestedness it is impossible to let pass unchallenged the suspicion of unfairness to the brave Sicilians imputed to him in the

words: "Garibaldi had his personal friends and followers to put forward." Surely Garibaldi was justified in making the petition on behalf of his followers, and the Republican should not be saddled with the least suspicion of blame for the omission of a just recognition of some of the Sicilian patriots; any such blame must rest with the monarchy on Mrs. Whitaker's own authority, for she frequently makes a point of Sicily's non-republican spirit, holds the view that the Sicilian rising should not have been placed under the leadership of Garibaldi because he was a Republican, and distinctly states that "Sicily was ripe for the Unity and was Monarchical to the core." Mrs. Whitaker's attitude to Garibaldi is complex; at one moment she gallantly wields her pen in an appreciative spirit, the next minute she resents his presence in Sicily; the explanation seems to lie in the fact that she is a keen politician, a lover of liberty strongly imbued with Conservative ideals, and she cannot lose sight of the fact that Garibaldi was, from the political standpoint, a Republican, although she is sometimes lured into admiring him as a patriot.

Mrs. Whitaker's political bias is strongly marked in an interesting last chapter on Modern Italy, in which she compares the governments of Italy and England and congratulates us on having a House of Lords. In her Preface she says:

In the concluding chapter on Modern Italy my remarks on the value of the English hierarchy of the nobles, and on the importance of an hereditary peerage, come at an interesting moment. They were written before the present conflict between the House of Lords and the House of Commons took place, and before the agitation in favour of reducing the powers of the Upper House had arisen.

This concluding chapter is a spirited defence of our House of Lords, an exact counterpart of which Mrs. Whitaker would like to see established in Italy; it should command the attention of the political press.

FOR AND AGAINST THE FAITH

In Defence. A Plea for the Faith. By SIR ROBERT ANDERSON. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.)

The Old Faith and the New Theology. Edited by CHARLES H. VINE. (Sampson Low, 4s 6d. net.)

The Churches and Modern Thought. By PHILIP VIVIAN. Second and Revised Edition. (Watts, 3s. 6d.)

THERE is much in common about the writers of the three books here grouped together. They are very sure that they are right and they are all very anxious to prove that others are wrong. The author of "In Defence" is very angry with those who hold the "Catholic" Faith. He can see no good in anything but in the "enlightened Christianity of the Reformation." The writers of "The Old Faith and the New Theology" are Congregational ministers. They are opposed, some with sorrow and some with anger, to the doctrines of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, which appear to them to be unscriptural, confusing and exceedingly dangerous, distorting "what is known as the Evangelical standpoint," and appearing "to treat the Bible flippantly." Mr. Philip Vivian on his side will have none of either old or new theology. He writes as an out-and-out Rationalist and Agnostic who accepts his Agnosticism to the full—drives it home to its ultimate conclusion.

Sir Robert Anderson must be numbered among the injudicious champions of Christianity whose advocacy is more damaging than enmity. He writes in defence of "the Faith," but he nowhere states what that faith is. It is certainly not historic Christianity. Sir Robert Anderson evidently believes in revealed religion, but as the chapter in his book entitled "Have we a Revelation?" consists wholly of a violent attack on Sacerdotalists and their "delusions" it is not very easy to gather what he does believe.

How is it to be explained [he asks] that here in England . . . this delusion is regaining its hold upon the religious life of the nation? The national Church, which half a century ago was comparatively free from the evil, is now hopelessly leavened with it. The more this matter is studied the more inexplicable it seems unless we are prepared to believe in the existence of spiritual influences of a sinister kind.

Apparently, therefore, it is part of "The Faith" in defence of which Sir Robert Anderson is so zealous to consider some millions of his fellow Christians as possessed by devils. In this and other matters the author, at any rate, proves himself to have the courage of his convictions. He dismisses Darwinism in a brief chapter with the airy remark that "in the first decade of the twentieth century it has become apparent that the days of Darwinism are numbered." Equally reckless and irresponsible is the statement in his last chapter, "The aim of the Higher Criticism is to banish God from the Bible." No one, we imagine, will find his faith strengthened by Sir Robert Anderson's distressing volume.

Much less pretentious in "tone" is the collection of sermons and essays edited by Mr. Charles H. Vine. The book is not intended for theologians but for "the rank and file" of members of the Congregational Churches. The writers are earnest, pious men, with strong convictions which they state in plain language. They believe in the Virgin Birth, the divinity of Jesus, the Trinity and the doctrine of the Atonement. Their appeal is to Holy Scripture and the traditional interpretation of it by the various Protestant sects.

From a literary and dialectical standpoint it must be confessed that Mr. Philip Vivian's book is considerably in advance of the other two. While there is nothing new in his indictment of Christianity there is considerable novelty in his presentation of his case. He writes without bitterness or acrimony, exhibiting, indeed, in his treatment a scholarly mind and traces of that "sweet reasonableness" which Matthew Arnold describes as one of Christianity's great charms. He sets himself to show that Christianity is historically unsound, that its teaching is in conflict with proved facts and that its power for good is open to question. It would be beyond the scope of this brief notice to enter into Mr. Vivian's closely reasoned arguments. But his book may be recommended for those who, like ourselves, approach these matters from a totally different standpoint. It will not disturb the faith of the devout whose attitude has always been "I-believe-because-it-is-impossible."

THE LIBRARY TABLE

A Woman Alone in the Heart of Japan. By GERTRUDE ADAMS FISHER. (Sisleys, 7s. 6d.)

PUBLISHERS, who define themselves as "makers of beautiful books," set up a dangerously high standard. Authors, who undertake to describe a country of which the beauty is so contagious and so familiar as that of Japan run the same risk. By none but the most lenient of critics can the epithet "beautiful" be applied to either text or illustrations of this vigorous and sometimes vulgar book. The bulk of the illustrations recall forgotten photographs which every globe-trotter has purchased and not a few book-makers have reproduced. The American school-mistress who here records her tour must possess courage, resource, confidence, vitality, and a sense of humour, but these qualities do not necessarily make for beauty. Even delicacy is painfully unapparent. Is it squeamishness or obtuseness which recoils from Miss Fisher's comment on the coolie, who took her for "A First Riksha Ride"?

When rikky is stocked with garlic and absinthe, he makes the air talk.

To the boiling Bethesda of sufferers from syphilis at Kusatsu, to the Red Cross Hospital where she was fortu-

nate enough to witness the dissection of a conveniently deceased patient, to the Yoshiwara, where she scrambled and jostled to behold "The Leader of Sin and Her Gay Retinue" (as a brilliant headline informs us)—to everything that was repulsive and striking and sensational Miss Fisher forced her way with inquisitive eyes and relentless pen. We can only conclude that the authoress was employed by a yellow editor to paint the boldest of the yellow races in her lividest colours. The headlines tell their own tale. From the first page to the last there is no evidence of any but the most hasty and superficial observation. But, of course, polite Japanese hosts supplied innumerable opportunities and photographs to garnish their flying visitor's pungent adventures. Her pages are lively, graphic, good-tempered—but never beautiful.

The Industrial Republic. By UPTON SINCLAIR. (Heinemann, 6s.)

MR. SINCLAIR describes his book as a "study of the America of ten years hence" and claims to speak "not as a dreamer or as a child, but as a scientist and a prophet." It must be admitted that there is a great deal of prophecy, but little science in this latest attempt to define Socialism, while the reader will be more interested in those portions of the book which deal with the present and not the future. Mr. Sinclair shows that he has studied much and read largely of the writings of modern sociologists, and he has taken the trouble to delve deeply into American social and political history. From this he has evolved a theory of his own, and it is this theory which is to be the salvation of the United States. Briefly, it may be described as industrial suicide followed by resurrection. The enormous trusts with their labour-saving devices must inevitably reach a stage, he declares, when there will be no more demand for their products owing to the markets being already overstocked. Then the trusts will collapse and, of course, the State will step in, not to complete the annihilation but to revivify these commercial monopolies and run them in a scientific manner for the benefit of the people. In effect Mr. Sinclair says, "Mr. Rockefeller and his kind are now merely pioneers, clearing the way and building certain concerns for which they are being paid salaries by the community. They are just minding the shop until the industrial crisis, which is to begin in 1912, reaches that stage when the State, with the approval of everybody, becomes the national shopkeeper." It is certainly a refreshing change for the American capitalist to find a rabid socialist like Mr. Sinclair justifying his existence. After the denunciations of the anti-trust party it must make him feel almost virtuous.

There is another phase, however, of Mr. Sinclair's book which deserves very careful consideration, and that is the examination he conducts into the present condition of the working classes of the United States. Socialism in itself threatens to degenerate into a fad, and when eminent writers descend to "prophesying" it is difficult to take them or their "gospel" seriously. Mankind is not looking for Utopia—it is too practical—and, although the author of "The Industrial Republic" seems to think so, the extreme of poverty cannot be cured by the extreme of luxury. Those who think of America as a country entirely inhabited by millionaires will be astonished at the revelations Mr. Sinclair makes. Thus, one out of every eight persons in the United States "is in the condition where he has not sufficient food and clothing and shelter to keep him in a state of physical and mental efficiency." The facts about child and female labour are even more appalling. Is it possible that in New York young women work sixty hours a week for a wage of forty cents, or one shilling and eightpence? Then we are told that the average yearly earnings of a whole community engaged in the clothing trade is less than sixteen pounds a year. Naturally the conditions under which these unfortunate persons live are as bad as can be. Eight or ten, even fourteen, people may be found sleeping

in one room. It was thought at one time that England held this record, but it seems that once more the United States prevails. The question of political corruption is also treated by Mr. Sinclair with characteristic thoroughness. But he scarcely tells anything new, though he might have grasped the idea that before there is an industrial revolution in America there must be a moral one. Otherwise the community can scarcely hope to be able to rise to the occasion. It will be seen that "The Industrial Republic" is a curious mixture of facts and dreams, but if it is a success it will be on account of the former. Only Mr. Wells's peculiar style of "prophecy" is appreciated by those who like to take Socialism in intellectual doses, at rare and somnolent intervals.

Memoirs of Miles Byrne. With an Introduction by STEPHEN GWYNN. 2 vols. (Maunsell, 15s.)

THE Irishman of a hundred years ago was precisely the same in spirit and ambition as is the Irishman of to-day, and if British politicians and others would only study the memoirs of those—Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Miles Byrne, and their fellows—who fought in '98, they would be better able to understand the ways and hopes of the Irish Nationalist party to-day. But in the pages of the ACADEMY it is not the place to discuss matters political, so we will confine our remarks to another side of the matter. Englishmen are too ready to count on other nations as but half grown-up, to look down from a lofty altitude of better if not elder upon other races, notably Irishmen, whom they take to be unreasoning, happy-go-lucky and shallow. Irish misery and Irish merriment they consider to be easily aroused and of no great depth, which is a fine example of the danger of judging by appearances. An emotion that is quickly stirred to white heat need not necessarily be of short duration or easily quelled. These memoirs of Miles Byrne, the Irish farmer who fought so strenuously in the famous '98 and afterward rose to high rank in the French army, are highly interesting, at any rate as regards their early pages, because they set forth for us a man and display in nakedness the spirit that has rendered Ireland, ever since its conquest, a difficulty to England. Bitter hatred of Englishmen was the keynote of Byrne's life, as it has been, and is, of so many Irishmen. A not altogether unreasonable hatred, for England has often done wrong to Ireland, and when she has done right has usually contrived to do it in the wrong way, or at any rate in a manner which showed complete misunderstanding of Irish character.

The first volume of these memoirs is as exciting as any tale of imaginary adventure, with the real horrors of a brutal civil war for background. Byrne is no half-hearted partisan, he hates well, but is not unjust, admitting alike the errors committed by his comrades and the decencies of his foes. There is touch after touch of vivid realism. What could be more grim than this?

Hunter Gowan, justice of the peace, captain of a corps of yeomen cavalry, knowing that Patrick Bruslaun, a near neighbour of his, and with whom he had always lived on the most friendly terms, was confined to bed with a wound, rode to Bruslaun's house, knocked at the door and asked Mrs. Bruslaun in the kindest manner respecting her husband's health. "You see," said he, pointing to his troops drawn up at a distance from the house, "I would not let my men approach, lest they might do any injury. Conduct me to your husband's room, I want to have a chat with poor Pat." She, not having the least suspicion of what was to follow, ushered Gowan to her husband's bedside. He put out his hand, and after exchanging some words with poor Bruslaun, deliberately took out his pistol and shot him through the heart. Turning round on his heel he said to the unfortunate woman, "You will now be saved the trouble of nursing your damned popish rebel husband."

Of course there is much exaggeration; small things loom large to those who take part in them; every skirmish is a battle, every brutality an unspeakable outrage, but taken as a whole these pages bear the stamp of utter truth, and their veracity is amply supported by outside evidence.

We cannot congratulate Mr. Stephen Gwynn upon his editing; much of the second volume might reasonably have been cut out and explanatory notes would have added greatly to the interest and usefulness of the first.

The Dickens Concordance. Being a Compendium of Names and Characters and principal places mentioned in all the Works of Charles Dickens. By MARY WILLIAMS. (Griffiths, 3s. 6d. net.)

WE fear that this Concordance, compiled with much care and industry by Miss Mary Williams, will be reckoned by most people among the *biblia a-biblia*, which even Charles Lamb could not read. The title-page promises more than the book performs, for it professes to give "A Summary of Chapters in each Book or Pamphlet," thereby exciting hopes that at last the crooked paths will be made straight and the tangled plots of "Great Expectations" or "Oliver Twist" unravelled for the patient reader. But the summary turns out to be no more than a list of names and places, as each occurs. Wonderful names, indeed, and pregnant! No writer that ever lived had such genius for inventing comic, ironic, or pathetic labels, of which the very syllables seem to suggest appropriate qualities. What lover of English fiction can read without a thrill such names as Jingle, Crummles, Barkis, Cheeryble, Chadband, Murdstone, or Pecksniff? The reviewer, who had not opened his Dickens for twenty years, found that about one hundred and eighty names evoked definite associations. But the devoted Dickens-worshipper will demand more than a mere stirring of memory from a Concordance of the master's works. He will demand, one may suppose, a brief synopsis of plots, epitome of characters, with a list of the author's allusions and opinions—in short such a concordance as will qualify him to pass an examination of Calverleian severity. But, so far as we can see, on only one point will he derive help and light from this exhaustive but futile catalogue. He will be able to localise any name of person or place, of which he may have forgotten the exact context. As the habit of quoting Dickens dies out among politicians and journalists, even this limited class of seekers will be diminished. It is to be hoped that enough remain to reward Miss Mary Williams for her painstaking research.

JEREMY COLLIER AND THE DRAMATISTS

WE owe to the late Lord Macaulay the generally entertained belief that Jeremy Collier, the author of the famous "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage," was a "great reformer," that his book was "heroic." In the essay on Leigh Hunt's edition of the Restoration Dramatists, Congreve, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, which begins with the characteristic impertinence, "we have a kindness for Mr. Leigh Hunt," Lord Macaulay says of the "Short View":

There is hardly any book of that time from which it would be possible to collect specimens so excellent and so various. To compare Collier with Pascal would indeed be absurd. Yet we hardly know where, except in the Provincial Letters, we can find mirth so harmoniously and becomingly blended as in the Short View. In truth all the modes of ridicule, from broad fun to polished and antithetical humour, were at Collier's command. On the other hand, he was complete master of the rhetoric of honest indignation. We scarcely know any volume which contains so many bursts of that peculiar eloquence which comes from the heart and goes to the heart.

Perhaps in the whole of Lord Macaulay's writings it would be difficult to find a more preposterous judgment than is formulated in these slipshod sentences, and one is charitably disposed to believe, or hope, that Lord Macaulay never read a line of the "Short View," nor of the answers that it provoked from Congreve, Dryden, and others, nor of the "Defense of the Short View," which

came later from Collier's pen. The controversy raised by the "Short View" was long and bitter. It lasted for nearly two years, the most eminent wits of the town took part in it, and it was a providence to the professional pamphletists of Grub Street. That Jeremy Collier was a reformer, or a hero, are nonsensical suggestions. There is no evidence that he even was instrumental in putting an end to the undoubted licentiousness and coarseness which disfigured the drama in England during the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries. As many a citation would show, he was quite as coarse as the dramatists whom he attacked, and the "immorality" which he denounced belonged almost entirely to the theological order. His views on "profaneness" were those of the lower class clergy of his day, whether Catholic or Protestant. They would be quite ridiculous to the modern mind even in England. The "reform" of the drama in England, if the gradual elimination of lewdness from the dialogue of plays deserves to be called that, was demonstrably due to a progressive change of manners, affecting the entire national life, and independent of Jeremy Collier's half-insane diatribes, which, though by their libellous unfairness and reeking cant they roused the witty and scornful ire of Congreve and Dryden, brought about no legislative changes, and (it is safe to presume) induced no habitual playgoer to cease going to the theatre. Collier, moreover, has little claim to originality, except for a mountebank style peculiar to himself. He was merely repeating the old accusations against the theatre which date from the early Fathers of the Church. "Musick," he says, "is as dangerous as gunpowder," and he quotes Tertullian in support of this condemnation of music, which has been repeated by many fanatics since, notably by Tolstoi in connection with Beethoven. Scosson's "Schoole of Abuse," and Prynne's "Histriomastix," the one a Catholic, the other a Puritan onslaught upon the stage were the immediate ancestors of the "Short View," and there have been countless others. Jeremy Collier, although a High Churchman, had much of the Puritan in his composition, a middle-class Puritanism hostile to all Art, the same attitude of mind to which Matthew Arnold first applied, in England, Heine's favourite designation of Philistinism. It was the stamp of the ill-bred, mediocre, and essentially dirty mind. Collier was one of those who in later times would have put drawers upon the legs of pianos, and he would have applauded that administrative *attentat à la pudeur* which has suppressed living statuary in our London music-halls. Then as now prudery masked prurience, a point which Collier's antagonists constantly make against him with the aid of quoted passages from his "Short View," the inspiration of which is hypocritical and often dirty enough, one would imagine, to have taken Lord Macaulay's breath away, had he ever read them. Here are a few taken at random. On page 80 of the "Short View," Vanbrugh is threatened by Collier with eternal damnation for making one of his characters say to the woman he is in love with: "Thou Angel of Light, let me fall down and adore thee!" In Congreve's *Mourning Bride*, surely as demure a tragedy as ever was written, Osmin says to Almeria:

My all of Bliss, my everlasting life,
Soul of my soul, and end of all my Wishes . . .

"'Tis flaming wickedness," says Collier, "to speak this to any one but God Almighty. And to set the profaneness in the better light, it runs all in devout language and Christian transport." Further on Osmin says:

I pray to thee as to a saint
And thou hast heard my prayer for thou art come
To my Distress, to my Despair which Heaven
Could, only by restoring thee, have cured.

And Collier's comment is: "The little successes of a pair of Lovers are equalled with the Glories of Heaven." His accusations against the *Mourning Bride* include:

ridiculing "the solemn engagements of Baptism, burlesquing the Church Catechism," and a "fit of profanity" against the Creed. When Vanbrugh's Amanda exclaims:

What slippery Stuff are Men composed of!
Sure the Account of their Creation's false
And 'twas the Woman's rib that they were formed of,

Collier solemnly observes: "The virtuous Amanda makes no scruple to charge the Bible with Untruths," which called forth from Vanbrugh the rejoinder that:

Amanda is no more intended to charge the Bible with Untruths than Mr. Collier's Wife might be supposed to do, if from some observations in his book she should say, Sure it is a mistake in the New Testament that the Fruits of the Spirit are Modesty, Temperance, Justice, Meekness, Charity, etc., for my Jeremy is a spiritual person yet has not one of these marks about him.

In Congreve's *Love for Love*, Scandal tells Mrs. Foresight he will "die a martyr rather than disclaim his passion." "This expression," says Collier, "is dignifying adultery with the style of martyrdom." In the same play, Sir Sampson says: "... Nature has been provident only to bears and spiders," and this with the rest of the passage is declared by Jeremy Collier to be a blasphemous paraphrase of Psalm cxxxix. "I wonder," says Congreve in his reply, "how such remote wickedness can enter into a man's head." And poor Sir Sampson further provokes Collier's wrath on account of his name Sampson, because "Sampson is a name in the Old Testament," a crime which is aggravated by his boasting of his strength, which is "burlesquing the Sacred History."

In *The Old Bachelor*, Vainlove pretends to go mad and calls himself "Truth." "Now," says Jeremy Collier:

A Poet that had not been smitten with the Pleasures of Blasphemy, would never have furnished Frenzy with Inspiration, nor put our Saviour's Words in the Mouth of a Madman. If this point needs any further disputing we may notice that our Saviour mentions the Word Truth in a solemn and peculiar manner, sometimes he applies it (John xiv. 6, 17, viii. 3, xvii. 15, 18, xviii. 18, 31) to Himself, sometimes to the Holy Ghost and sometimes to the Revelation of the Gospel. In short 'tis as it were appropriated to the greatest Persons and Things, mark'd with the Prerogative of God; and used in a sense of Emphasis and Distinction.

Congreve replies: "He might as well except against the common use of the alphabet in poetry, because the same letters are necessary to the spelling of words which are mentioned in the sacred writ." And in answer to Congreve's amazed protest against the intention attributed to Sir Sampson in *Love for Love* of paraphrasing Psalm cxxxix., Collier serves him in the "Defense of the Short View," this bewildering reply:

I am sorry I am forced to explain myself in so clear a case. We may observe then that the Psalmist in Contemplation of the astonishing Beauty and Serviceableness of Humane Bodies breaks out into a Rapture of Gratitude. I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made, marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knows right well. Let us now hear Sir Sampson. This Gentleman, after having railed a Lecture over Jeremy's Body, for being born with Necessities too big for his Condition; he says These things are unaccountable and unreasonable. Why was I not a Bear? Nature has been provident only to Bears and Spiders. Thus we see what a harmony of Thought there is between David and our Author. The one Adores what the other Reproaches. The one Admires while the other Burlesques the Wonders of Providence. And this was all the Paraphrasing I meant, as any one may easily imagine.

On the subject of the licentiousness of the stage, in the sense of Lord Macaulay, Jeremy Collier says comparatively little. Congreve, who was twenty-eight years old when the "Short View" appeared, belonged to a generation of writers which was already breaking away from the coarse traditions of D'Urfey, of Shadwell, of Dryden, at the beginning of his career, and of Aphra Behn. There is nothing in Congreve which would offend the ears of a first night audience at the Théâtre Français to-day, though English theatre-goers, outside of the music-halls, would be shocked at the forcefulness of a vocabulary which is no longer of our age. On the ground of immorality, it is inconceivable that the Licenser of Plays would veto *The Old Bachelor* or *The Double Dealer* were they to be

submitted to him for the first time to-morrow. Collier was therefore obliged to twist all sorts of indecent meanings and suggestions into the most innocent expressions for the purpose of proving his case. And this he did with a peculiarly coarse and offensive gusto which is everywhere apparent in his pages. "Least of all," says Congreve in his "Remarks upon Mr. Collier,"

would I undertake to defend the corruptions of the stage. Indeed if I were so inclined Mr. Collier has given me no occasion; for the greater part of those examples which he has produced are only demonstrations of his own impurity; they only savour of his utterance, and were sweet enough until tainted by his breath. ... I will therefore take the liberty to exorcise this evil spirit, and whip him out of my plays, wherever I can meet with him. ... I do not return his civilities in calling him names ... therefore for his foot-pads, which he calls us in his preface, and for his buffoons and slaves in the Saturnalia, which he frequently bestows on us in the rest of his book, I will only call him Mr. Collier; and that I will call him as often as I think he shall deserve it.

With the keen sword of his wit Congreve runs the frantic old parson through and through, and his contempt for him is so well-merited and through that it is impossible to accept the traditional theory that it was on account of the strictures of the "Short View" that Congreve ceased writing plays. The secret of this decision, which involved so deplorable a loss to English dramatic literature, is probably to be found in his remark to Voltaire that he preferred the title of an English gentleman to that of a man of letters. The chief pity is that Lord Macaulay should have contributed, by his erroneous definition of the nature of Collier's attack upon the stage, to fortify the attitude adopted by succeeding generations of Pecksniffs towards Art in general and the drama in particular.

ROWLAND STRONG.

THE PHILISTINES' FEAST

IN art, we know, it is not the "what" but the "how" that matters. Consequently there is no valid reason why a Christmas card, the lid of a chocolate-box or a picture-postcard should not be a thing of beauty. If they are used for the purpose of scornful comparison it is not because they are precluded of their nature from being made media for artistic expression, but by the reason of the fact that they have hitherto been a means of livelihood for the hacks of painting, clumsy draughtsmen, crude colourists, weak designers and the destitute of all artistic feeling. So far as postcards are concerned, it is only lack of judgment on the part of the manufacturers that renders them an affront to the cultivated eye. Their possibilities have been demonstrated not only by the reproduction in miniature on their backs of masterpieces of painting, but still better by the reproduction of certain of Rembrandt's etchings and Holbein's drawings. These last, the prize of many a needy student on the Continent, are highly desirable possessions for those who cannot afford the originals or more expensive and more perfect reproductions. Nor, faulty and imperfect as the various processes of reproduction in colours are at present, is it wholly impossible to obtain from them results of some artistic value. Mr. Greiffenhagen's decorative views of Naples proved that the "colour-book" need not be necessarily base, and the writer has seen coloured postcards from Holland and Japan eminently pleasant in their delicate tinting. Still colour cannot at present be reproduced with absolute fidelity and exactness, and the greater the colourist of the original, the more treacherous is the reproduction. With line far greater fidelity and exactness is possible, and therefore a reproduction of an etching or a drawing has infinitely more value to the student. These things being so, we might expect a truly intelligent and artistic manufacturer to lose no time in flooding the market with postcards reproducing the treasures in the British Museum Print Room. How many

students and art-lovers would be glad to refresh their memory with even a postcard reproduction of a Watteau drawing, an etching by Méryon or Whistler. Nor need the living be altogether neglected. A welcome scarcely inferior should be extended by the intelligent to postcards of etchings and drawings—by, let us say, Professor Legros, Mr. Strang, Mr. John or Mr. Muirhead Bone. We cannot have too many reproductions of what is good in art; we cannot have too few of what is bad.

We naturally expect, therefore, that a large manufacturing firm convinced, as Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons apparently profess to be, "as to the value of really artistic postcards and their many possibilities from an Art-educating point of view," would give their first attention to the reproduction of works by the acknowledged great masters. The value of these would unquestionably be real and they would have without doubt a widespread educational influence. Unfortunately nothing of the kind is in evidence at the "Postcard Prize Exhibition" opened by this firm at the Royal Institute in Piccadilly. The postcards on view are all after works by modern painters of greater pretensions than merit, and we have no hesitation in stating that their artistic value is practically nil and that their "possibilities from an art-educating point of view" are extremely small, and calculated to foster rather than to correct the bad taste now prevalent among the semi-educated mass of the nation. A few cards after originals by Phil May, A. Ludovici, and one or two others have a slender artistic interest. But it does not amount to much, and if it did what are these among so many? From an educating standpoint neither the cards nor the originals exhibited will help the public to understand the nobility of great draughtsmanship, the dignity of fine design or the refined beauty of gracious colour-harmony.

Honestly mistaken, no doubt, as to the artistic worth of their productions, Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons encourage their customers to establish these postcards or parts thereof as a permanent feature of their home decoration. Hence a prize competition for decorating useful articles, "such as Screens, Tables, Plaques, Overmantels, etc.," with a mosaic of bits cut from Messrs. Tuck's postcards. The ingenuity shown by the young women of our suburbs and provinces in piecing together these fragments is only equalled by their ingenuousness, and we cannot wax enthusiastic over this exposition of "the remarkable uses to which really artistic postcards can be put in every cultured home." In a "cultured home," we imagine, the only use to which the postcards could be put would be connected with the kitchen-grate. Yet who shall blame Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons? They are business men, and as such shrink from pronouncing judgment on works of art. In their difficulty they turn for assistance to what they honestly conceive as the constituted authority in such matters. Here are the names of the judges of the competition: John H. Bacon, A.R.A., Frank Dicksee, R.A., Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., J. MacWhirter, R.A., Alfred Parsons, A.R.A., S. J. Solomon, R.A., Marcus Stone, R.A., Adolph Tuck. The list is not inspiring. Acquaintance with the works of these gentlemen does not convince us that they are animated by the soundest ideals or able to appreciate the highest qualities in a work of art. It is to them and to their colleagues that we are indebted for the fatuities in the Chantrey Collection. If the blind appeal to the blind for leadership, who can wonder that in the result art stumbles into the ditch?

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons confidently assure the public "that the first essential in the production of artistic postcards—good originals—is recognised by us to the full." After a careful examination of their exhibition we believe Messrs. Tuck to be mistaken. We do not doubt the excellence of their intentions, but the correctness of their judgment, and with their judgment that of the seven from Burlington House. Before you attend to the art-education of the public you must cultivate your own

perception of the virtues of painting; otherwise your endeavour to elevate public taste may lead to its debasement. It is pathetic to hear Messrs. Tuck declaring that the "artistic quality" of their postcards is "of the best only." We assure them they could very easily obtain better originals at no greater cost to the firm. We solemnly inform them that Greuze is not the greatest of the Old Masters nor Asti the foremost of modern painters. We warn them of the fallibility of their judges. Without going outside the membership of the Royal Academy they could find abler counsellors. Would Messrs. Sargent, Brangwyn and Clausen seriously assert, as Messrs. Marcus Stone and the rest do over their signatures, that "taste can be developed" by the contemplation of the postcards Messrs. Tuck are exhibiting in Piccadilly? It is true the nature of the taste is not specified, but throughout we give Messrs. Tuck and their judges credit for wishing to inculcate the best. The fact of the matter is that the full recognition of the best is not so easy as the firm probably thinks. It has been led astray by a touching faith in the judgment of Burlington House; it has been deceived by the thoughtless amiabilities with which the press receives its "review-parcels" of cards. "We may specially recommend these really beautiful productions," says the *Spectator*. "The designs are all good, the execution leaves nothing to be desired, and Miniature Art is hereby immortalised," says the *Queen*.

One point remains to be considered, a point of some importance to a business firm. It is one thing to educate the public; it is another to give it what it wants. For though in a sense the public sadly wants education, it does not receive art instruction with any display of eagerness. Messrs. Tuck with their immense business have the possibility of "Art-educating" the public; they could flood the market with cards of the highest artistic merit; but would their productions then be "the most Saleable Postcards in the World?" We fear not. The greater number of our citizens would neither understand nor appreciate the Rembrandt etching nor the Watteau drawing. In time they would learn to value them, but the demand would be small at first, and the coloured photograph, the crude humorous drawing, and the "stage-beauty" would prove far more saleable. That is the real horror of the current exhibition at the Royal Institute. It is impossible to deny that it contains what the crowd really does like. It is a feast for Philistines with its literal landscapes, sugary maidens, and low-comedy humour. To an artist of refinement the vulgarity of it all is appalling; but he should not hesitate to go. Nowhere else, not even at the Academy, is more sternly and inevitably brought home to him the utter insensibility of the British populace to art.

THE WONDERFUL JOURNEY

LIFE is generally regarded as a more or less enjoyable compulsory journey, in which those who wish to travel comfortably procure by the exercise of their wits plenty of cushions wherewith to obviate the jolting of the car. This is a convenient device of ours, when we are non-plussed by a situation; unable to comprehend the mystery of life as an excursion through time, we immediately try to express it in terms of space. Space, we think, we can understand. We can cross the room from the piano to the bookshelves, and when we are tired of books, can return to the piano. We consult the map, decide upon visiting a certain town, and say to ourselves that at such a moment at a known station there will be a train which will take us to that town; finding the train, in due course we arrive there. Then, if we wish, we may catch another train back. It is so beautifully easy and manifest. But when we come to consider our relation to time, the case is altogether different. The trees, the clouds, the houses, the very chairs in the room, are all distance-marks, so to

put it, in space, whereas hours and minutes are invisible, and we have to visualise time artificially, to picture the hours and minutes on a machine which we construct for that purpose and set up in each apartment. We then can see the lapsing hour, fill its hands with labours sweet or sad, give to it such a message as to us seems best. We are rather disconcerted, though, after our vaunted freedom with respect to space, our goings to and fro, to find that for all our wishing we cannot reverse, in time, even to the extent of half a morning. Of course we put a bold face on it and profess a kindly contempt for these strong little minutes that brush us so lightly with their wings as they pass, but all the same we are a trifle nervous now and then as to how many of them may be still in flight towards us.

Yet, with all our mobility, we are not so very free in space. The man who has once fully realised our stupendous situation on this "lukewarm bullet," as Stevenson called it, either goes mad or becomes a humorist; sometimes both. We have the freedom of an ant on a child's toy ball. In urgent revolution we swing round our sun; he in turn strives at invisible chains and surges to death through ages yet unborn, circling some more mighty world. And that more mighty world?—

... it may be that he, with endless train
Doth circle some divine, relentless orb
Outcast in deeps of space so fathomless
That to its unknown realm, caprice of God,
His mighty orbit is a moment's dream.

For all we know, this seemingly perpetual recurrence of night and day may be only the spectral blink of some astral cinematograph, with sun for lamp, on the vibrating film of which we and our doings are lighted up for the benefit of an applauding audience—at least, we will hope it is applauding—whom we shall never see; and sometimes when we are excited, or bewildered, or step unconsciously near the edge of the fourth dimension, we fancy we can hear the click and whirr of the machinery as night and day, night and day, are flung flickering upon the screen of heaven.

Again, we are plunging on through dense darkness into distances so profound that it is dangerous to think of them for long together, preserved from the cold of space by the warmth of the sun as a fly in December is kept alive by the firelight of the room through which it flits. When a new star burns suddenly, lavishly, in the sky, and after a few weeks vanishes, we surmise that many, many years ago, perhaps when the waters covered the earth, two worlds collided, and immeasurable voids rang with the shock, and the gloom was split with a flame whose light sprang across the abyss at an inconceivable speed to announce to us the splendour of their doom. Other watchers on other worlds will not know of it perhaps for another hundred years. Far far away, we can follow in thought that formless mass, spurting lava from its shrinking crust; watch it shape by centrifugal force into a globe as it whirls along to become the thrall of some more splendid sun; see it cooling until the breath of life, as we know life, is breathed again upon it, and for a few thousands of years it is a home; until at last, a huge, lost, crepitating cinder, a broken link in the chain bound about the feet of God, it volleys among unknown nights and mornings, its mysterious work accomplished. Suppose, the thought comes, we had been one of those worlds? What if this outer darkness should be merely the night of some slowly unclosing day, whose seconds are our centuries, whose one pulsation our earth's whole span of sentience were unable to distinguish? What can we do with the furtive glancing of our tiny telescopes, the pitiful unravelling of our error-laden calculations? And what good is it when done?

This is the good—although it is not easy to express in words. We get nearer to the heart of things; from one small fold of the garment of obscurity we can guess at the texture of the whole, and lift our heads to view dimly the

face that bends over us. The voice that spoke to Job out of the whirlwind and set before him a series of the most magnificent questions ever propounded:

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? . . . or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?

is not necessarily non-existent because we do not hear it; our ears may not be attuned to its exalted cadences. In any case, although we are confronted in a different manner with the same problems, there is no reason to suspect anything sinister in the fact of our circumscribed powers. From that cataclysm of two orbs, suns have flown to new orbits, planets owned allegiance to fresh suns, and a whole universe has readjusted itself as does the sea-beach when a pebble is suddenly displaced. If those worlds were inhabited, there must surely be for the lonely little company of souls that was liberated some vocation, some splendid life on a finer scale. If not, and we read by analogy into our own insignificance too deep a meaning, we shall come perilously near to fatalism. In the nature of things, a thorough fatalist ought to be the happiest man on earth, since theoretically he can feel no responsibility; as a rule, however, we find that he is a pessimist. The incurable optimist is he who takes to his heart some cheerful creed, not making of it a formula for the resolving of any and every puzzling equation; who laughs with those who laugh, sorrows with those who weep, believing that laughter and tears are both part of the cosmic scheme of philosophy.

Man, who knows so little and guesses so much, is, after all is said, master of these overwhelming regions of space by reason of his very guessing. That we, whose eyesight is at fault with an object a mile away, should know these stars, "sad silver tears upon the robe of Night," as a French poet calls them; to be worlds and suns, is surprising. That we should discover mountains and snows in these worlds, find in the suns the very metals and gases with which we are familiar, and ascertain their weight and bulk, is well-nigh incredible. But that we should be able to sound the vast depths and calculate their distance, their speed, measure their orbits and periods, reason the presence of other invisible ones by their perturbations; able to say of this comet as it wheels affrighted round our sun, "It will return three years hence," or of that one, "Our children will watch it seventy summers from now, when we are dead"—these things are indeed a revelation of the significance, not the pettiness, of man. Our discoveries are limited by the bounds of our bodily senses and our knowledge; our eyes perceive only a few rays in the middle of the spectrum, our ears convey to the brain but a few vibrations out of a far-extending range above and below their recognition. Given a race of beings on another planet with senses exceeding our own in capacity by ever so little, what music of the spheres might they not hear, what subtle fancies of the starlit ether might they not see unwonderingly? To them the differential calculus might be our beginner's algebra. What potent, undreamed-of formulæ might they not wield; and what might they not know about us? We are in the pleasant position of having many worlds to conquer, not yet having conquered our own; but it may well be that out of the insufficiency of our comprehension these later discoveries of science are bringing the great hopeful day, as over a restless, moaning sea upspring the golden domes and minarets of dawn.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

THE UNITED STATES OF GEHENNA

THERE is a person in existence called Monahan. His name would appear to indicate Irish descent. He is a prominent lawyer. He comes from a town called St. Louis in the United States of America. He is now in England. And there I am sorry to say that my

knowledge of the person called Monahan ends—one important particular which will be discussed immediately excepted. I am sorry to know so little of this individual, just as an Assyriologist would be sorry if he saw a bare paragraph in the paper to the effect that a most important cylinder had been discovered revolutionising the whole question of Assyriology—and nothing more. The Babylonian student would thirst for details; and I myself would be consumed with impotent curiosity if I heard, say, that an undoubted Celtic liturgy was in existence—in some place where I could not get at it.

So it is with Mr. Monahan. He must be quite priceless. One ought to know every little detail which concerns such a man, one should have his photograph taken at the age of five, one should trace his pedigree back hundreds of years, one should have a list of the books that have done him good, and his selection of favourite breakfast dishes. Nothing should be left out; the smallest information would be highly valuable. For Mr. Monahan is perhaps the most impudent personage in the whole habitable world; it may be doubted whether his like could be found in all the starry wastes, if these truly have inhabitants who are reasonable, and therefore capable of impudence.

About a week ago the individual called Monahan was (very improperly) admitted to the Law Courts. He was afterwards interviewed by a *Daily Mail* reporter and said that his impressions of English justice were disappointing:

Our judges were, in his opinion, men of too advanced an age and not apparently men of the world. They were, he thought, not sufficiently experienced in everyday life and everyday business.

They seemed simply to sit in judgment and lay down the law just as it was administered hundreds of years ago. In America, he explained, a judge who was elected to the bench was invariably a man of the world, with a wide and humane knowledge of men and modern life. In a word, his personal impression of our legal machinery was that it was not sufficiently up-to-date, while he did not consider it impressive to see our judges "toggled up like gollywogs!"

Now last week the ACADEMY very properly rebuked the *Tribune* for giving publicity to the remarks of a wretched Baptist minister who is an Oil Trust Chaplain in New York. The ACADEMY pointed out that a man who provided millionaires with their weekly dose of heresy, schism, and imbecility was best left unnamed in the columns of a decent paper, and while I cordially endorse the editorial opinion, I think the *Daily Mail* deserves an even more stringent reprimand. For the preacher person had acquired notoriety of a certain kind; Judas acquired notoriety of a certain kind, and a self-styled Socialist who takes Rockefeller's pay has perhaps some claim to notice—the sort of notice one cannot help giving to a peculiarly fetid drain as one passes by. But this Monahan from the Mississippi was quite unknown: why poison thousands of innocent breakfast-tables with the mention of him? The *Daily Mail* is supposed to be a family paper; the proprietors must be aware that there are many unpleasant, offensive, and disgusting topics which are quite out of place in a journal meant for decent people. It is not the custom in England to discuss the performers of *hautes et basses œuvres* over the coffee and bacon. We know such people exist, but we don't mention them in the family circle.

But since the person from St. Louis has been "interviewed," it is necessary to speak out. His insolence is so gigantic that it is almost incredible. That an American should venture to criticise anything whatever in England is passing strange, wonderful indeed; but for an American lawyer to give us hints as to our judicial system—well it is useless to attempt adequate comment. The English language is a flexible and powerful medium but, like all earthly things, it has bounds and limits, and Monahan belongs to the world of transcendence. It is highly unlikely that he comes from St. Louis at all; he probably lives in the Fourth Dimension or some such place, when he is at home.

For, it must be remembered, we in England have a

considerable knowledge of American "Justice." We are sorry, but we can't help it; as I said just now it is impossible, with all the best intentions and desires in the world to ignore sewage. It is not so very long since the Thaw trial stank morning by morning in the columns of the daily press, it is not so long since a poor man who had committed Thaw's crime was electrocuted without mercy. Why, it is scarcely more than a week since the following appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*:

A horrible scene was witnessed at the electrocution of a criminal named Henry White in the State Prison at Columbus, Ohio. The first application of a current of 1150 volts failed to kill White, and the physicians, on examining him, found that his heart was still beating regularly. Another shock was administered without despatching the man.

It was then decided to apply a stronger current. When this was turned on a sheet of flame enveloped the body of White, jets of fire issuing apparently from every pore. This current was continued for several seconds despite the flames and the odour of scorching flesh. When at length it was turned off the doctors pronounced the man to be dead. He had literally been roasted to death.

What a grand thing science is—especially when taken in combination with Protestantism and the Government of the People, by the People, through the People. No doubt Torquemada and his assistants were "toggled up like gollywogs"; and that, perhaps, is one of the reasons why an "act of faith" must have been such a poor show compared with a "scientific" execution at Columbus, Ohio. Such is the end of the poor criminal in the United States; while the rich man gets off scot free. And the burning of White took place only the other day and Thaw's trial—that shameful travesty of decency and justice, that organised conspiracy to protect a wealthy miscreant—is only a matter of a few months ago. And Monahan was disappointed in the administration of the law in England! Why in the very issue of the paper which contained the expression of his disappointment, there is a capital account of the present state of New York. "The newspapers are filled," says the correspondent, "with accounts of crimes of a peculiarly revolting character. . . . Five fresh cases of this character are reported this evening." And the police, it seems, are entirely impotent.

About two months ago, Mr. Train, Assistant District Attorney, New York County, published a book called "The Prisoner at the Bar." It seems that in Mr. Train's view the Thaw trial by no means represented American justice at its worst.

Owing to various causes [says the very competent reviewer of a Liberal paper], a disbelief in juries, the conviction that a tricky lawyer can secure a verdict in the teeth of any evidence, and the dreadful suspicion that the Bench itself may in some degree be tampered with—there exists in America to-day, says Mr. Train, a widespread contempt for the criminal law which, if it has not already stimulated a general increase of criminal activity, is likely to do so in the future. It seems certain that crime in high places flourishes in the United States to-day as it flourishes nowhere else in Christendom.

Poor Mr. Monahan! How dreadful it must have been for him! Judges "toggled up like gollywogs," none of them elected by the people, none of them men of the world, none of them either bribed or bribeable, none of them an object of contempt and dislike to all decent people. One trusts that some friend was at hand to administer smelling-salts, or, rather, nitrate of amyl. The shock of seeing an uncorrupt bench might have proved fatal to the man from St. Louis.

And here is another extract about another trial—the Caruso case. I am quoting from the *Star*, which is not a "reactionary" print by any means:

The correspondent of the *Morning Leader* has graphically described the ludicrously grotesque parody of justice which masquerades as a court of law in New York. "In this country," he says, "the newspapers indict and convict a person long before his case is decided by the ordinary process of law. The police themselves contribute to this New World method of justice by informing the reporters just what the prosecution means, and the address of the witness on whom it relies!" The newspaper cartoonists have actually convicted Caruso in advance.

If the conduct of the Press before the trial was disgraceful, the

conduct of the trial itself seems to have been still more disgraceful, "When the magistrate called the case," says the same correspondent, "the counsel, the police, and the reporters all pressed round the magistrate's desk. Nobody had a seat. One reporter put his notebook on Caruso's shoulders and took down the evidence. . . . Never have I seen so little decorum or dignity in a court of justice." . . . But it is not merely the manner of the trial that shocks the English sense of propriety. The fact that the police failed to produce in court the woman who is alleged to have brought the charge against Caruso would have made a London magistrate hesitate to accept the uncorroborated evidence of the policeman . . . the American people ought to be ashamed of allowing justice to be degraded with buffoonery.

And here is Mr. Bart Kennedy's testimony to American "Justice"—let us call it "Justice without Gollywogs":

Another thing you must avoid. If you have any complaint to make about anything, don't go to the police-station. . . . For if you go to the police-station it is more than likely that you will meet the fate that met the German gardener, Gutzloe. He went to the station and made a complaint to Desk-Sergeant Carey, and Desk-Sergeant Carey at once put him in the cells for his temerity. . . . After the temerarious and sacrilegious Gutzloe had cooled his heels for the space of twenty-four hours he was brought before Justice Mayer and charged with disorderly conduct. Justice Mayer was naturally shocked by the conduct of this Gutzloe, and he remanded him, fixing his bail at forty pounds. He wanted to get counsel, but his request was refused. The police and Justice Mayer talked over his crime in low tones, and he was put back.

Why are not our judges "men of the world" with "a wide and humane knowledge of our modern life"?

Then, of course, there is another field in which American "Justice" is even more free of cumbrous and musty precedents. Imagine a jail in some little town in Georgia; in it there is a poor wretch of a negro who is, very likely, innocent of all crime, or, at all events, of the crime with which he is charged. His case is a familiar one, it has occurred again and again, so the law arranges that he shall be inefficiently guarded. He hears one night, that miserable negro, the hum of many voices, the noise of the gathering of a great crowd, and this poor black churl, for whom Christ died, knows what is to be his fate at the hands of the great "Christian Democracy" of the great State which has almost exceeded the wildest ideals and anticipations that the Preacher Person, who was once a Socialist and now attends to the spiritual welfare of Rockefeller, had ever been able to form. They cannot wait for the process of law these "Christians"; they break open the gaol and take out the negro, and there, men and women and children, with acts of all foul and bestial indecency, with cruelty so devilish, so infernal that all imaginable lust and horror and burning blackness of hell itself must be surpassed, they slowly, with lingering torments, burn their brother to death. This is how they proclaim to the whole world their doctrine of the simple majesty of man. This people has a mission in the world? Yes, if Tartarus should lack inhabitants, if Gehenna require to be repopulated.

And the accursed Monahan dares to come here and utter the word justice!

Justice above all; but the truth is that it is amazing that an American should dare to utter anything in England except thanksgiving that he has left the foul soil from which he sprang. For the question of law, that is the question of the utter and abominable corruption and wickedness of the whole legal system of America from the bribed bully on the bench to the unspeakable policeman at the station, is but one out of many. It is said, for instance, that there is one honest municipality in the United States. It is the ruling body of Washington, District of Columbia, and it is the only body of its kind which is non-elective. Elsewhere horrors that can hardly be named. It is nothing that all the municipalities are putrid with corruption; this they are from one end of the land to the other, openly and undisguisedly they are in their places to sell whatever corresponds in an American soul to our honesty, honour, comparative decency. North and south and east and west the story is the same; corruption everywhere in all things both great and small; not the feeblest pretence at the mere elements

and skirts of honesty. It would be a horrible insult to any ordinary band of brigands to mention their name in conjunction with the average mayor and aldermen of the average American city. But there is much worse than robbery. There are words both in French and English to express a man who lives on the shameful earnings of the streets; but we are become so virtuous that these words can scarcely be written. In England the persons to whom I am referring live in Soho for the most part, and meet with scant mercy when the police are lucky enough to catch them: in America they are to be seen enthroned in the Town Hall—not "tugged up like gollywogs." Perhaps it is better to look like a gollywog than to be—an unmentionable person. The proof of this? It is not exactly buried in the obscure places of the earth. Any one who wants to know the details has only to turn to the *Times* of January 23, 1907, and he will be amply satisfied. There may be found the history of the Twinkling Star Development Company, of the Hotel Nymphia, of the establishment known as the "Municipal Crib," and of the institutions called "French Restaurants"—all these being houses of "no extraordinary fame" to use a delightful phrase of Smollett's. Those dear, those virtuous Americans! The ugly Anglo-Saxon term is hopelessly out of date, so one must not give Mayor Schmitz his proper title, and we must say "French Restaurants" when we mean—something else.

There are many other topics which might be discussed with advantage. Take, for example the factory system in the Southern States, the "peonage" system in Florida. Here is a brief extract from an American magazine as to "peonage" which, be it said, is slavery in its most horrible and devilish form.

Thousands of men, white and black, in the course of a few years have been sold to operators like Douglas, by sheriffs and justices of the peace. . . . Only last August (1906) Deputy Sheriff Charles Mennike of Florida, Alabama, just over the State-line, said under oath: "The State or county pays me nothing. I make between five thousand and eight thousand dollars a year. This is in 'rewards' for negroes who are needed to work. I can take up anybody on suspicion."

And these persons, it is to be understood, become slaves, slaves of a prosperous-looking gentleman with a nice black tie and a neat coat, "Henry M. Flagler of the Standard Oil Clique"—one of the Preacher Person's "penitents" in fact. The courts? Well, when the officials of the courts are the actual "operators," their assistance is naturally not very valuable. Besides Justice is in the pay of the Oil Trust. And this is how the "convicts," as they call them (not slaves), look after Mr. Flagler's friends have dealt with them.

Twice there appeared on the streets of Orlando . . . wrecks of what once were men—decrepit, with their backs scarred, their clothes in rags, shoeless, their feet splintered and swollen with the ugly wounds of the saw palmetto. . . . Strapped across a barrel these men had repeatedly submitted to the lash. . . . The details of Kirkwood's and Jones's private reports are too revolting for exact excerpt

It is bad enough; but one doubts whether it be worse than the horrible system of child slavery which prevails also in the south; the system which our English "Liberals" strove to perpetuate here some sixty or seventy years ago. My space is almost filled; and I am tired of quoting proofs and yet more proofs of the abominations of this most detestable and abominable nation. I could fill a whole number of the ACADEMY with the shameful record of a people who have deliberately, rejoicingly, boastfully prostituted themselves to the devil; and call upon the world to admire the results. I have no space in which to deal with the social system generally; at the top a ghastly and repulsive imitation of what these poor idiots think is the tone of good society in London, at the bottom misery, vice, degradation, dirt, loathsomeness of every kind so shocking that it passes all description. You can read of it in Wells, in Kennedy, and in Gorki, the Russian

Revolutionist. There is no space to treat of "politics" in America; it is enough to say that "politician" means a scoundrel, that the state legislatures are in the pockets of the Preacher Man's friends. There is no space for any consideration of the miserable trash which these Americans call literature, one must leave their newspapers unconsidered, one can only allude to the wholesale adulteration of everything that can be adulterated, to the streams of molten filth, the mountains of ordure, poisoned rat, typhoid germs, and tubercular bacilli called "Canned Beef" in Packingtown. It would be hopeless to attempt to recount even the names of the crack-brained quackeries, the horrible and imbecile impostures which the Americans call new religions, which flourish like maggots in a rotten carcase. It is enough to say that both Theosophy and "Christian Science" are products of the American soil.

Nero? Yes, but Nero was not an oily hypocrite: he was probably a madman. No; there has been nothing like the United States of America since the foundations of the world were laid. One wonders how long it will be suffered to endure.

Its purpose in the scheme of things seems to me plain enough. It stands, that dreadful figure of the Republic, as an awful warning to the nations, and especially to us Englishmen, who are more than tainted with those maladies which have made the body of the American State to boil with an obscene putrescence before our eyes. We too have our talk of "Sturdy Puritans," of "our common Protestantism," of "Democracy," of the "People's Will," of "an effete mediævalism," of "our industrial greatness"—we are already too deeply read in all the unutterably foul, lying, and deadly articles of the grand Credo of Hell and Death.

There before us in the United States is the End of this Creed, for us to profit by—if we will.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

WRITING MADE EASY

THE other day an announcement appeared in the newspapers of the intention of one of the American Colleges to provide a course of training for writers. The subtle American mind has perceived that doctors are trained, and lawyers; that soldiers, policemen, and pork-packers are trained, that anybody that is anything is trained, except the writer. Hitherto the writer has trained himself. The popular conception of him has up till now been that of a person who did not need training. He appeared to come into life fully weaponed; nobody knew how. Some angel—we do not say whether good or bad—breathed on a babe here and there, and in due time it became a writer; or spirited it away for a brief instant from its mother's womb and showed it the plains of heaven, and that babe became a poet to sing of beautiful things that were imprinted on his brain before he was conscious. Other writers, who have not the power to sing to us of visions but can persuade us eloquently to high moralities, are conscious of the authority of some mysterious power for ever saying to them: "Write; thou shalt not be as others, but shalt feel and perceive and appreciate peculiarly; write and let the world know of it." Well, the old half-religious belief in the writer is fading, going out of fashion with other religions. Already signs are quite visible that what was once esteemed a high calling is rapidly becoming a mere business, and barely a craft. The American proposal to train writers comes, like most things American, plump at an opportune moment.

Needless to say the American project is eminently practical in character. It has been called into being by the spectacle of a great and ever increasing public in America, all trained to read. In other and more blessed words there exists a demand, an abounding demand, a demand so clamant and stimulating that a practical

people like the Americans could not be expected to go on for long leaving writers to supply themselves in the ancient happy-go-lucky fashion which produced Homer, Moses, Shakespeare, and Mark Twain. They might diminish and even fail altogether, for the angels up till now have seemingly not been attracted by American babes; and then would arise that most maddening of all situations to a commercial people, the existence of a great demand without an adequate supply to meet it and create profit. Every other possible human want is provided for; why not reading? Well, for one thing, writing has not hitherto been reckoned among the "careers" either in America or in the effete continents. Apparently it may be taken for granted that in choosing a calling for their children American parents do not differ greatly from European. When a boy is observed to show a special liking for toy machines the American parents say: "Let us make an engineer of him; he makes that train go just lovely." And when they say so they have in their view the college, endowed with so many millions of dry-goods profits which waits to receive and train him. Of course even in America the boy may never become an engineer; he may end as a bar-tender for no fault, however, of the parent or the college. Or again, some precocious child may break open his brother's money-box and appropriate the contents; whereupon the parents immediately resolve for him a prosperous career on the Stock Exchange. But what parent, male or female, in America or elsewhere, ever said of any child: "Let us make him a writer"? Such a thing was never heard of. What we have all read about is the prayers and persuasions of anxious fathers and mothers in regard to some son who neglected the desk or the counter for the poet's corner in the newspaper. There is no need to particularise; literary biography is full of instances. Even to-day writing is barely a respectable calling. It certainly is not a recognised one, not a vocation on the strength of which one can move in society, dine out, or have a bank account; unless, indeed, it has been successful; and, of course, success sanctifies anything. Success has made "General" Booth revered and the Salvation Army tolerable. But the success even of "General" Booth is not so surprising as the success of any given writer, for there is only one "General" Booth, and there are a multitude of writers; and, say what you will, there is something disreputable about writing, unless the writer has a private income.

Now surely if the American proposal to train writers to the craft of writing does away with this disability and places the writer on the same footing as the physician, the lawyer, and the clergyman—put in that way the thing is almost inconceivable; but if hypothetically, such is the end, it appears to be worthy of every commendation. There is something fascinating in the idea of catching a boy young and making him bend all his brains to being a writer, to write about anything and everything; to describe a fire or compose a farce; to modernise Shakespeare or indite a fresh Testament. It is at once obvious that few, if any, of the great writers of the world were trained to write; certainly not in the sense intended by the American professor whose project we read of. What an enormous advantage the American graduate in writing will therefore possess. And then the most encouraging thing of all is that where there is a chair of writing there must be professors of writing, who necessarily will be as superior to the writers as say the professors of engineering are to the engineers. But stay; although that deduction seems reasonable and logical enough, have we not scattered over these islands a considerable number of professors of literature, and —? But that is a rather mean and malodorous comparison. For perhaps the writing that the American professor had in his eye was not literature at all. More likely he had the merely ready writer in view. His idea was doubtless to keep the American newspaper press a-rolling decently, so that *Til-Bits* should not fade, or the *Strand Magazine* fail in the land. It is comforting in a sense to reflect that such a school of ready writing has

been anticipated in Fleet Street; that is, if report errs not. For it used to be said with solemn circumstantiality that in the office of a certain powerful newspaper nobody had any special department, but everybody had to be ready to do anything at a moment's notice. So that it sometimes happened that the naval expert was describing a murder and a sudden crisis in the fleet had to be faced by the so-called dramatic critic. At Queen Victoria's Jubilee the route of the procession was divided into lengths, the names of the entire staff from the editor down to the police-court reporter, were put in a hat, and each was packed off to illuminate the portion that fell to his lot. The result was real writing; these men were most verily writers.

Doubtless there is a great and an ever widening field for writers in this twentieth century. Not only is there a constant succession of new objects and events to describe, attacks by the German fleet on our coasts, attacks on Soap Trusts in our midst, canals in Mars, and the weekly arrival of Socialism; but also the immense fabric of Fiction has to be maintained and carried on. There is thus no fear of the writer falling short of subject-matter, and it is to be hoped that the American scheme will not leave out of account the training of the writing imagination. But when this scheme is organised and put in work, we believe the angels will still continue to play the gipsy with a babe here and there, bearing it for an instant from its mother's womb before it can consciously see or hear or know, and bathing it in the light of the Elysian fields, so that it shall when it grows to mankind be made to sing to its own astonishment and our delight of things not otherwise known. There is no word yet from America of a course for the training of poets.

ADAM LORIMER.

"SAPPHIRE"

I DO not find the origin of the word *sapphire* given in any English dictionary. The "Century Dictionary" gives the usual account, viz., that the English word is borrowed from the French *saphir*, which is from the Latin *sapphirus*, which is from the Greek *sappheiros*; and lastly, that the Greek word is from the Hebrew *sappir* (with initial *samech*). To this is added, that the Persian form is *saffir* (with initial *sin*); and the Arabic is *safir* (with initial *sād*). All this is right as far as it goes; but it does not take us to the beginning of the story.

For it so happens that the word is not of Semitic origin after all. The Persian and Arabic forms are of no use to us, because they were merely borrowed from Hebrew; so we are only concerned with the Hebrew *sappir*.

This is a much contracted form (obviously through an intermediate form *sampir*) from the Sanskrit name for the gem; as is duly explained at p. 302 of Uhlenbeck's "Etymologisches Wörterbuch der altindischen Sprache."

The Sanskrit name for the stone was *śanipriyam*; the *ś* being pronounced like our *sh*, or like the *s* in *sure*. This is a compound word, of which the original meaning was "beloved of Saturn," or "dear to Saturn"; so that the stone was evidently connected, in the imagination of astrologers, with the seventh planet. The components of the word are *śani-*, the combining form of a name for Saturn; and *priyam*, beloved by, dear to, neuter of *priyas*, dear, from *pri*, to love. Our English word *friend* is from the same root, so that "Saturn's friend" would be no bad representative of the sense of "sapphire."

The precise origin of *śanish*, Saturn, is not absolutely certain, but it is probably connected with the adverb *śanais*, slowly. The reference is, doubtless, to the very slow motion of Saturn as compared with the other planets, owing to the great length of its orbit; to which Chaucer explicitly refers in the "House of Fame," l. 1450, and in the "Knight's Tale," A 2454. For the same reason,

the alchemists gave the name of Saturn to lead, as being the "slowest" or dullest of the metals.

How long this etymology has been current, I do not know; but I find it in a book by F. Harder, entitled "Werden und Wandern unserer Wörter," the preface of which is dated 1896. So it is almost time that it should be known in England.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

FICTION

Mrs. Jones's Bonnet. By GERARD BENDALL. (Heinemann, 4s.)

THIS is a clever and amusing novel. Mr. Bendall sees life with a suave cynicism, which is pleasant and not at all unkind; and he writes of what he has observed with wit in a manner which reminds one quite irresistibly of Peacock. There is little incident and less plot in his book. And what incidents there are have no importance in themselves, but only exist to lend spice to the conversation of Mr. Walsingham the philosopher, of Mr. Phillbin the ardent young socialist and of Dr. Rivers, the intelligent Churchman. The point of view is very refreshing. A passionate intrigue between a curate and the wife of the dissenting minister, and an election scandal would under the treatment of an ordinary novelist serve for a melodrama of excitement, or as a tremendous tirade against the abuses of modern life: the theme would be worked up to moving repentance or an indignant departure from the stricture of a fold to freedom. But Mr. Bendall has the profound values for such matters; he recounts them with a barely perceptible shrug of an apology; they are to him mere facts which will happen and do happen, and which if looked at properly are not really disturbing to the equanimity and perhaps justify their existence by the amusement they afford to the man who needs relaxation after walking round his rose-garden and bringing his soul in contact with the universe. Learning and thought alone matter. The rest is sound and fury. There is something in the last chapters which leads us to expect a continuation: if our conjecture is correct, we beg Mr. Bendall to lose no time in letting us have it. "Mrs. Jones's Bonnet" has whetted our appetite for more: the flavour of Thomas Love Peacock is rare and delicate.

The Palm-Oil Ruffian. By ANTHONY HAMILTON. (Greening, 6s.)

WE are not acquainted with the West Coast of Africa, but if much ingenious blasphemy, varied by remarkable pidgin English, is characteristic of the place, we imagine that the "Palm-Oil Ruffian" positively blazes with local colour. As a genuine diary the book would have been amusing as a personal experience, but looked upon as a novel it falls somewhat flat. It contains too much incident and too little plot. The smallest and most unimportant occurrences are related in detail, the exact sensations of a man at war with a mosquito being described with the same minuteness as the horrible massacre at the close of the story. Mr. Hamilton does not fail for lack of material, and a greater broadness of touch and a finer sense of proportion would have gone far to the making of an interesting tale.

The Canker. By JAMES BLYTH. (Digby, Long, 6s.)

THE amours of the village idiot have hitherto not been over-exploited. Let us trust that Mr. Blyth will not set the fashion in this direction. To do the writer of this unpleasant book justice we should say that it purports to be a novel with a purpose—the purpose being to call attention to the undesirability of semi-idiotic people being left at large to assist in populating the country. This "is the canker of the country side." But it is in reality only a specialised part of the most vital of problems—

and one which seems to be ignored as far as possible by all classes—the problem of hereditary disease. We hear much of cures for consumption, cancer and other horrible diseases, but very little of the oldest and best remedy. Surely if the "dark ages" could stamp out such a disease as leprosy the enlightened twentieth century might do better than the temporary "cures" which leave the subjects free to propagate the disease. This book, which is sordid in the extreme in theme, is written with a corresponding coarseness, although not without some power. Ugliness and coarseness apparently give pleasure to the author, who dwells on unbeautiful details lingeringly, giving them undue emphasis. But, repellent as Mr. Blyth's manner of dealing with the subject is, and although the highest aim of fiction is not the exploiting of a purpose, we would not willingly condemn any national or individual effort directed towards the improvement of the race.

The Shadow of Divorce. By ANDREW LORING. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THIS book deals almost entirely with the subject of divorce in America, the English side of this question being only incidentally touched upon. It certainly deals very cheerfully with the subject. The story takes place chiefly on the high seas, where, in following the fortunes of the actors in it, we find ourselves in a veritable tangle of mixed matrimony. Mr. Loring has seen the humorous side of his question and made the most of a series of situations which are little short of farcical.

The Shadow of a Great Rock. By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON. (Putnam's, 6s.)

"THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK"—which might, with equal appositeness, have been called "Won't you Come Home, Bill Bailey?"—is a typical product of modern America, from the opening chapter in which, "on her rude bed in the formless western wilderness the great mother, Destiny, had been delivered of an infant commonwealth, which was lifting its voice in the first shrill wail of surprise over the strangeness of life," down to the conclusion, when "'Dorothy! Wife' he whispered." And Mr. Bailey can hardly be said to have been an unconscionable long time a-marrying, for the book is a short one and can easily be read in a couple of hours. It is more like a Boudoir Novelette with a difference than a serious essay in fiction. Motherlike, Destiny, "had seen visions in the bitter-sweet days wherein she felt the new life quickening"—or, in other words, had guessed that things were going to hum a bit in Nebraska—but unfortunately, her midwife, though doubtless a very capable person, does not allow us to see them humming. The little band of heroes set out with a caravan through the formless wilderness, have what is called a "pot" at a few "property" Indians in the approved fashion, and Mr. Bailey comes home to the bride he scarcely deserved. That is all. A short story—and a very ordinary, conventional short story that might almost have appeared in any monthly magazine—and nothing more. Proh pudor!

The Bay of Lilacs. By PAUL WAINEMANN. (Methuen, 6s.)

THIS is a tale of misconceptions. A father who bestows his blessing on the wrong daughter; a child who fails to recognise her own mother, and a man who loses his heart to the wrong woman, are among those who fail to find happiness in Syrenvik, the Bay of Lilacs. The scene is laid in Finland and the gloom of grim northern mountains and still northern fjords lies heavy upon the book. The one bright character in the story is that of Fröken Hildur, the flower of whose youth is slowly but surely withering in an atmosphere of doubt and mystery. Happiness comes grudgingly enough to her in the end, and, with it, the death of the woman whom, too late, she discovers to be her mother.

DRAMA

"THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY" AT THE ST. JAMES'S

THE authors of *The Eighteenth Century* have been hampered with some one else's plot, and if they had been permitted to write a play of their own I believe that two new playwrights might have been welcomed at our Thespian portals. The plot is indeed a mere excuse for costume and stage illusion; you feel as if the former had been already in commission before the light-handed but heavy-hearted authors set to work as unwilling cooks, with a more vigorous culinary equipment than their predecessor's and an art of which the original *chef* must have been honourably innocent. Much of the dialogue is distinguished by literary form, rare indeed outside Court circles. And while all of it is easy and natural, there are passages of real beauty and pathos to relieve the forced spirit of high farcical comedy. With the added advantage of a superb cast I hope sincerely that the play will float across the footlights to a summer audience, which is never very particular, and is no less intelligent than the ordinary London mob which supports Mr. Hall Caine's balderdash and the Gaiety Burlesques. It is not usual, moreover, to see in one evening such artists as Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ainley, Miss Grace Lane, and Mr. Robson; and the return of Mr. Edward Compton to London is an event in itself.

The story recalls a *Messenger from Mars* in that an ethical lesson is administered to a self-centred man by means of a dream or vision, the reality of which is purposely left uncertain. The old machinery of a magic draught translates the characters from the present day into the eighteenth century, and the comedy of incongruity is emphasised in the manner of Hans Andersen's "Goloshes of Fortune."

The ingenuity of the authors and their delicate appreciation of the Grand Period is however lost in the brief little costume melodrama, of which you see too little, just as you get too much of the thin modern motive. Some device by which the curtain does not descend at all in Act I might surely be contrived; the scenery should melt away to give the illusion of a dream discovering the gavotte in full swing; the transformation being sufficiently lengthened to give Mr. Edward Compton time to change his costume, while the inimitable Dormer (Mr. Eric Lewis) ought to be revealed gaping from the empty picture frame. The present title of the play is clumsy and misleading, and if, as I understand, "*Behind the Arras*" was its original name, I cannot conceive why it was not retained. Every one, however, should go and see *The Eighteenth Century*; it is amusing, it is admirably staged; Mr. Henry Ainley as Ensign Trevor resembles a Gainsborough of the best period and ought to be hung in Bond Street! The variety of Mr. Edward Compton, the exquisite art of Mr. Eric Lewis, and the quality in which Miss Grace Lane does not belie her baptism, would all make a much poorer play worth seeing; but as I suggest there is, if you will taste it, a charming Hogarthian spice in this somewhat ponderous cake—an almond paste concealed under the foolish icing.

ROBERT ROSS.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PLAIN MAN AND THE "ACADEMY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read Mr. Bernhard Sickert's letter with great interest; curiously enough I had myself made almost the same remark with reference to your reviews, that never since the days of the early *Saturday Review* had I read anything so superior in tone as were most of the recent articles in the ACADEMY.

For some months past I have taken up the paper with a fearful joy; joy to think there was still one prophet left in

Israel; fear lest the man in the street should rise up and slay him. A generation that has starved to death *Literature*, the *Pilot*, Mr. Oswald Barron's *Ancestor*, and many of our best magazines, must surely prove intolerant of the ACADEMY.

To produce such a review, and to find a public for it, is a two-fold miracle.

F. L. MAWDESLEY.

July 29.

[We are much obliged to our correspondent for his genial criticism, but we can assure him that his apprehensions as to the fate of the ACADEMY are unfounded. A journal which succeeds in nearly doubling its circulation in three months, as the ACADEMY has done, can afford to be independent of the man in the street. "We are all of us in the gutter but some of us are looking at the stars."—ED.]

"MORE FLOWER BOOKS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I find myself in hearty agreement with your reviewer as to the interesting correlations between behaviour and occupation of which the verbosity that accompanies the horticultural writer is adduced as one instance. Another can be found, without prolonged research, in the habitual inaccuracy which dogs the steps of reviewers of gardening books. The misprint in "Chalcedonicum" is obviously not attributable to the writer, but can we say the same of "Trilliaceae," "Herbenaria" and "Ageretum"?

Lilium "Syriacum" is a variety unknown to the Kew Hand List, Nicholson's dictionary and Dr. Wallace's "Notes on Lilies," but it may of course exist notwithstanding.

Lilium chalcedonicum however, is not the Turks Cap, this name belonging to L. Martagon.

EDWARD A. BUNYARD.

July 29.

AUTHORS AS OPIUM-EATERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I make bold to suggest that the writer of the letter in your last issue (p. 734) headed "Authors As Opium-Eaters" intended that the specific name of the opium poppy should be printed as *somniferum* and that of choral as *trichloraldehyde*, also that your contributor J. C. H., by a slip of the pen, wrote "chloral" (chloral hydrate, by the way, is the drug employed in medicine, not chloral) for "chlorodyne." This last-named remedy would not be very incorrectly indicated by his statement.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

July 29.

POETRY AND MORAL IDEAS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Clutton Brock's article bearing this title in your issue of July 27 yields a good example of a now common confusion. He quotes a line consisting of a descriptive statement and then says that no one could find a moral idea in it. Of course not.

Moral ideas are as such necessarily trite, it is the seriousness or the delicacy with which they are occasionally applied to the criticism of life, that raises the highest passages of poetry above those expressed with equal beauty but less centrally inspired. The moment at which the line

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well"

occurs, is one of heightened moral tension created by the application of a good number of moral ideas with dramatic and poetical puissance. The line might have occurred in a satirical or farcical context and, equally perfect in itself, would then have belonged to a less high and rare plane of humanity. The point is that satirical or, let us say, moonshiny moods, do not as a rule inspire even great poets with such fine lines. Hence it may be said that the accent of certain beautiful lines testifies to their nobler origin. Voltaire did not mean that the highest poetry expressed moral ideas in the same way as Doctor Watts's hymns. M. Arnold's use of single lines as touchstones evidently requires more tact than is always forthcoming. To see a line of poetry separated seems to hypnotise some minds as a separate text from the Bible used to hypnotise others, becoming for them something absolute and unconditioned, a centre of divinity in itself instead of chiefly valuable as a member of an organic whole.

In the same way the description of Shelley as "an ineffectual Angel" needs to have been experienced before it can appear other than an "unfortunate remark." Criticism always is unfortunate so long as mental confusion obstructs its reception. Naturally those who regard Shelley as an angel cannot acknowledge that he is ineffectual, it is only those who once so regarded him but do so no longer, who can couple that adjective with that noun in describing him. Mr. Brock is not yet in a position to do this, since he evidently regards Shelley as an angel. Yet for that reason the future may reveal the ineffectuality to him, and in the meantime may I ask him to let me sign myself

ONE "NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE."

July 30.

[We are quite unable to understand our correspondent's point of view, it seems to us to partake of a great deal of that "mental confusion" which he unjustly attributes to Mr. Clutton Brock.—ED.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I think there is much truth in Mr. A. Brock's article in your last issue. I have always agreed with Poe who wrote of the poetic province, that it had no concern with passion which is the intoxication of the heart, nor with truth which is the satisfaction of the reason. Didactic or moral poetry to my mind is a misnomer, and when it pleases, it is not for the moral that it inculcates, but for the lofty ideas or ideals that it arouses.

Poe defines poetry "as the rhythmical *Creation of Beauty*" which is admirable I think, but he might have added "or the inspired rhythmical *description of beauty*, such as that in natural scenery or in a lovely woman."

Poetry, as he thought, is the concern of the *Soul*, and has properly nothing to do with the *senses*, or at least, has only a collateral association with them.

Sensuous love poetry he did not class as poetry at all.

But the divine *Eros*, the emotion of *love* in its purest sense, is peculiarly the poetic province and so a tender lament for a loved lost one would be.

When the inner being—the *Soul*—the *Ego*—thrills with emotion on reading a poem, that emotion would be aroused by true poetry. Poe again defines *true poetry* as that which elevates the *Soul*, its sole arbiter being Taste. He thinks there is no such thing as a long single poem moreover. On rising from the perusal of a poem there should be *one* definite impression left on the soul. If too long, the totality of this impression is lost!

F. B. DOVETON.

P.S.—In the case of an epic, for instance, such as the "Iliad," or "Paradise Lost," we should not describe them as long poems, but as a *series* of pictures.

TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The ACADEMY has at various times expressed its opinion concerning the editorial and publishing methods adopted by Mr. Farmer in his series of Early English Drama. Perhaps you will allow me a word concerning a series of "Tudor Facsimile Texts," issued anonymously from the same address. I have received a post-card (July 19) announcing the publication of the first three texts, *Johan the Evangelist*, *Health and Wealth*, and *Impatient Poverty*, and I read that "Only a single copy of each, now in the British Museum, is known to be extant." It happens, however, that copies of the first two plays were sold at Sotheby's on June 1 last, and that in the case of *Health and Wealth* the copy sold was a much finer one than that in the Museum, which is rather badly cropt.

The facsimiles, were, of course, executed before the recent copies were known, and I have no doubt that the post-card was printed and circulated in ignorance of the facts. Since, however, the sale was at a public auction in London, duly reported in the *Times* (June 3, 1907), such ignorance is hardly excusable. I venture, therefore, to think that the method of advertising adopted is undesirable, and to hope that it will not be repeated. The facsimiles, though dear at the price, are well executed and form a useful series; it is a pity they should appear with so questionable a recommendation.

W. W. GREG.

July 24.

"TENNYSON OR ANOTHER"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In referring to Miss Talbot's article in the ACADEMY, "Tennyson or another" I am not concerned with the relative positions of the four great names she mentions—such placing of poets, where each has his particular "sphere" is always attended more or less with fallibility as witness Byron's first five *circles* and its result. If such a thing were possible and profitable, it could not be done as Miss Talbot does it by one or two haphazard quotations. It would have to be done not by comparing like with like, but by the sums of wholes and the extent of the influence exerted. There are spiritual heights that cannot be gauged by the eye or defined by general rules. It is not therefore Tennyson or Swinburne that concerns me, but the plummet Miss Talbot applies to measure their greatness and according to her own estimate—littleness, for is not the effort made to *dethrone* the accepted of the nineteenth century by a critic (?) of the twentieth? What is the value of her article as criticism? Well! take her own dicta:

"The first essential of poetry is music; meaning has only a secondary rank. Poetry is a lyrical rapture—the sound is everything. If this were not so poetry would not be untranslatable; neither should we hold 'Kubla Khan' or the 'magic Casements' verse, for true poetry, since in both the meaning is entirely subordinated to the music." Is this latter so?

"For he had fed on honeydew,
And drunk the milk of paradise."

If this be an *hallucination* it is not the words or the sound at all that produces it but the delicate *imagination* of the poet. In Keats's famous lines it is the same ethereal imagery and in his case equally marvellous expression.

It is the *imagination* of the poet or the imagery he employs to define his thought, that produces the effect by the aid of melodious words. Is this not the reason of Shakespeare's towering preponderance? Other poets—Shelley for example—have been more musical—but in the realm of imagination united to a philosophy of life none have approached him. Shakespeare demonstrates that the sound is *not* everything.

But Miss Talbot has to contradict herself to get Browning in: "*thought* makes *vital* his best poems." Browning will then be *translatable* as he does not depend entirely upon the sound? Surely this is not criticism, but dithyrambic hawking. How does Browning get this allowance paid him—"nevertheless poetry that is to endure the test of years must rest upon a sure foundation (*i.e.*, 'thought') and it is here that Browning ranks so high."

We agree with your editorial dictum that all criticism of poetry resolves itself ultimately into personal opinion. Poets have also expressed their opinion about their own art and one of them called it "the vision and the faculty divine" "endowed by nature," not knowing in his ignorance, it was "a lyrical rapture" "the 'sound' is everything. That accounts also for that poet's loss of prestige. Dare we select a line from one of Miss Talbot's quotations in *disproof* of her assertion?

The sound of love in the blood's pause is it not *meaningless* and therefore uninspiring? Is not the *beauty* of the following line, from the same selected passage, its *harmony with truth*, along with *deep feeling*—a soul matter and full of *much meaning*—such as only one who has known and suffered could utter

"For silence, after grievous things, is good."

If poetry speak not to us in this fashion it is *nought*. There are many ways it speaks to us, but always in its highest manifestations it brings forth the *spiritual*, which in the voice of the truly acclaimed and God-prophet can only at its *highest* be sung. Hence the poet's *idea* is always and must ever be superior to the language he employs, but he may so employ language that the thought and the words both become one—the thought a new revelation and the words a marvellous expression of its meaning and *this is genius*. Take another line *par exemple* quoted by Miss Talbot and this time from the falling Tennyson:

"Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my quick speech. . . ."

How much is *pictured* and *suggested*—what *beauty* of spirit revealed?—the shame, the unexpectedness at the *loveliness* beyond *expression*—that made *reverence* and *silence* take the place of too-ready-to-be-uttered light words. No poet has eulogised silence (or reticence) more than Tennyson and I venture to say that he *suggests* in the above one and a half lines all that Swinburne utters in the twelve lines Miss Talbot

quotes on this subject. If "Tennyson's *ideals* are only commonplace" how did Poe call him "the noblest poet that ever lived"? (I must here correct Mr. Doveton) and why? because he was "not always the most profound," etc., but he was "always the most ethereal, in other words the least of the earth, earthy." He could impress a scientific mind like Hugh Millar's, who in quoting him in his greatest work the "Testimony of the Rocks" referred to him as "perhaps the most thoughtful and suggestive of living poets" and to "the sagacity of the poet—that strange sagacity which seems so nearly akin to the prophetic spirit" as he did all "the giants" of his age (the term is Miss Talbot's own) including that Browning who "soared so high above him."

Seriously, Mr. Editor is the critic, who deals with "the giants" or the "minors," to be equipped for the work?

Does not the truth of the despised A. T. apply here very forcibly:

"Seldom comes the poet here,
And the critic's rarer still."

We do not wish to disparage Mr. Swinburne. He is superior in method to Tennyson on account of his intense subjectivity—the highest, because the most direct expression of the soul. He is however too diffuse and in pictorial imagery spiritual insight or actual result must yield to his predecessor who was essentially the poet of the beautiful, whether on the earth or in the spirit of man, despite his colder and more classic weaving of his words. Is it too much to say his beautiful spirit was the literary ægis of the nineteenth century, and that he reflected its metaphysical spirit—its earnestness—its belief in the noblest—its hope?

BARNARD GEORGE HOARE.

July 22.

SIR W. S. GILBERT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am shocked and surprised to see an anonymous reviewer in the ACADEMY say of Sir William Gilbert's "Bab Ballads" "that they are splendidly amusing nonsense verses but cannot for a moment compare either in style or in matter with the best light verse—say with that of Praed, Thackeray or Calverley." Of course not. The writer of this observation must be either under twenty-five or over seventy, or he is destitute of any sense of subtle humour. In style the "Bab Ballads" are unique, and they have already received a tribute from the greatest master of metre, Mr. Swinburne; while in regard to matter they are more profound than any comic verse since Aristophanes. There is not a human weakness for which you will not find an apposite quotation from the "Bab Ballads" and in this respect they surpass even the prose and verse masterpieces of Lewis Carroll. The serio-sentimental comedy of Thackeray's muse has no more relation to Mr. Gilbert's than the county of Kent to Yorkshire. They are in different parts of the literary map. Calverley is a clever parodist and appeals to people with no sense of poetry at all. He is an engaging literary acrobat and nothing more. Praed is the exquisite master of the second-rate, a Parnassian cheap-jack. Your reviewer is wrong in saying there is no touch of pathos in the "Bab Ballads." "Only a Dancing Girl" is an exception. Of wit I cannot regard your reviewer as any judge and therefore will not attempt to convince him.

C. F.

PLAIN MANNERISM—A PROTEST

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I believe a great many readers of the ACADEMY will regret very much to see Mr. Bernhard Sickert masquerading as a "plain man." For if it is not too personal an observation, I may remark that Mr. Bernhard Sickert, not the least accomplished of a talented and accomplished family, is very far from plain. I can only say to him: off with that mask, away with the domino—it is twelve o'clock, let us go into supper, where the young lady from Girtton shall give us cold soup, and we can discuss the *Calumny* of Apelles, of Botticelli, and of Mr. Bernhard Sickert himself. Champagne shall be forthcoming for your fiery reviewer.

"Where there occurs a special character of goodness there must be a special character of virtue," says the Angelic Doctor in the second part of the Summa Theologica, as all readers of the ACADEMY will remember, though I expect Duns Scotus is a greater favourite than Aquinas at the present moment, especially among art critics: Bonaventura for the plain man and William of Occam for him of the street, Mr. Bernhard Sickert has shown a special character of goodness in many articles to the ACADEMY and *Burlington Maga-*

sine, and his note on Whistler is the most illuminating criticism of that painter that I have ever read. So I opine it is unworthy of him to indulge in that ephemeral fashion popular with modern painters of depreciating Burne-Jones, though there may be a special character of virtue in his depreciation.

Before I challenge his conclusions let me challenge his facts. Who are the modern critics of standing? St. Thomas Aquinas used to ask questions, and he always answered them himself. He was the ideal examiner. *Nos pueri patrem Lolium imitabimur.* Here is my reply. Mr. Claude Phillips, Mr. Sidney Colvin, Mr. Roger Fry, Mr. D. S. MacColl, Mr. Sturge Moore, Mr. Bowyer Nichols, Professor C. J. Holmes, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Finberg, Mr. Joseph Pennell, Mr. Frank Rinder, Mr. Frank Rutter, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, Sir Walter Armstrong, Mr. Humphrey Ward, Mr. P. G. Konody, and Mr. Bernhard Sickert. Now out of these seventeen names how many would sign the statement: "I do not consider Burne-Jones worthy of abuse," implying, of course, that the artist is beneath contempt. I have only mentioned critics "of standing" in the sense that the critics occupy definite positions either in museums or on the staffs of newspapers. I know that eight would certainly not do so; four might possibly agree in not admiring Burne-Jones at all; for three I cannot hazard an opinion, and I am only sure of one who besides Mr. Sickert would sign.

Mr. Bernhard Sickert being an artist himself has a limited appreciation even of fine things; no artist will ever allow for the margin of taste. Michael Angelo thought Perugino a block-head. Reynolds did not think much of Gainsborough, and Velasquez held the same views about Raphael that Mr. Sickert does about Burne-Jones. Such views are vastly entertaining, but they do not impugn the importance of a painter; and they must not be ascribed to those notoriously holding the contrary opinion. An artist looks to his predecessors for endorsements of his own practice or his own ideals, just as Whistler claimed Velasquez and some of the Japanese for his ancestors. (The pedigree is not always quite obvious and would hardly pass the College of Heralds.) I have been told that he acknowledged Hogarth, but he would not hear of Turner or Gainsborough. Then we know that Millais thought the superb Tiepolo a wretched artist, and his opinion is quoted as showing his critical faculty. But when you get a painter's estimate of a contemporary it is always suspect if not actually wrong. If the painter, as I said, is an artist, he cannot appreciate a point of view antagonistic to his own. Burne-Jones failed lamentably to appreciate Whistler. Some artists are gifted with connoisseurship of the past, but it is in spite of their being painters, not because of it, and the claim of modern artists to be the *only* judges of painting past and present is, I believe, a pretentious claim, and one which leads to waste places of criticism. I have known many an "old master" cherished as a masterpiece on the authority of painters (not Academicians), who "of course knew more about it than you." Even photographs of the original did not convince the owner, and Christie's hammer alone dissipated the dream. Lord Leighton, a thoroughly bad painter, was, however, a real connoisseur and an excellent judge of his contemporaries. Sheer politeness compelled them to praise his work in return, and hence an unfortunate misapprehension in regard to his merits.

Burne-Jones bound to his own "Wheel of Fortune" is the victim of fashion; but to any serious student of painting, however distasteful his art may be, he is one of the most significant artists in the nineteenth century. To collectors such as Mr. Leyland, the patron and admirer of Whistler, who knew at least as much about the early Florentines as Mr. Sickert (he owned a magnificent Crivelli and an Amico di Sandro), Burne-Jones perhaps appeared a greater artist than he does to us at the present day, and to Mr. Leathart, another buyer of Whistler, Burne-Jones was the greatest of his contemporaries. His faults are obvious, and Mr. Sickert as a painter could tell us all about them; but his was the highest expression of English art in the last twenty-five years of the last century. He engineered a larger canvas than Rossetti, and it may be conceded that it was under his master's influence that he achieved some of his finer work, *Sidonja van Borck*, the *Merciful Knight*, or the panels of *St. Frideswide* (which I doubt if Mr. Sickert can have ever seen). He carried out in oil on a large scale what Rossetti could only handle on a small scale or in water-colour. Burne-Jones quickened the æsthetic sense of great writers and poets who count for more in the history of human intellect than any art critic, or connoisseur. But those who "have learnt too much recently of the great Florentines" ought to learn a little more about Burne-Jones, and they would see how very superficial was his relation to the early masters. Technically, I need not tell Mr. Sickert, there is none. Psychologically there is very little. How un-Florentine, how intensely modern is the

beautiful *Tree of Forgiveness* purchased at Christie's the other day by that acute, learned connoisseur Mr. Arthur Kay. The indebtedness of Burne-Jones, and indeed all the Pre-Raphaelites, to the Florentines has been grossly exaggerated, but while I should never persuade Mr. Sickert into admiration, I can perhaps persuade him into giving the right reasons for his doubt. No one dislikes Camembert because he has eaten too much Stilton. A friend of mine who shared Mr. Sickert's dislike once said: "Those who dislike Burne-Jones dislike all art, and those who like Burne-Jones never know anything about it."

The plain Man in the Street, who brought railing accusations against Burne-Jones, reserved even plainer language for Whistler. Ask any of the older Academicians and then confess he was right all along. It is part of the plain man to be always "right in the end." The plain men are wrong about Whistler just now, but when the reaction comes as it came over Burne-Jones, and some "nocturne" is found unsaleable, the plain man will be right again. Some old Chantrey Trustees will write to the *Times*. He will point to our priceless heritage at the Tate, priceless in every sense of the word, and sign himself Plain Man. Mr. McColl will have become mummy and Burne-Jones will be selling in Balham, and Mr. Sickert may still be arguing in the street with,

ROBERT ROSS.

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